

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From Good Words.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

The vale lay green as Eden  
Below the morning sun,  
And murmur'ring sweet as Eden's stream  
I heard the river run :

Its happy mist to heaven  
Stole up the wealthy fields,  
That shone along the sleeping hills  
Like ranks of golden shields.

Alas ! for down the valley  
Came war — a crush — a cry —  
And trod to earth the yellow grain,  
And rent the gazing sky.

And, lit and struck with bolts of flame  
That pierced their sulph'rous fold,  
The wild hills shouted battle shocks,  
The valley echoes roll'd !

Along the troubled valley  
The evening shed its rest ;  
A last faint troubled gleam of day  
Sank slowly down the west :

The river of the valley  
Crept sighing to the sea,  
And crimson with the red red flood  
That ran for victory.

The stars lean'd from their chambers,  
And through a rain of light  
They quiver'd, shiver'd, in amaze,  
And watch'd the dead all night :

And they, with upward faces,  
Lay still'ning in their scars,  
And met all night with unveil'd eyes  
The wonder of the stars.

Again we have the morning,  
The merry breeze of day ;  
The river shakes its flakes of gold,  
And sings along its way.

Sweet smiles the waking valley,  
And sweet the sun-dyed hill —  
But ah ! the hearts that leap'd so late  
Are lying cold and still.

JANE MORESBY.

From Belgravia.  
IN THE TEMPLE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE REVERIE.

SLEEP on, and take thy rest awhile;  
For one untroubled hour  
Let some fair dream thy soul beguile  
Beyond the gaoler's power.

Sleep on, my royal love ; such rest  
Is not for eyes of mine :  
A waking woe is in this breast —  
More turbulent than thine.

The spectral past is with me — here  
Its haunting visions stay ;  
And the Future, with its ghastly fear,  
Besets me night and day.

The warning ghosts of bygone hours,  
Their homage, their renown —  
The palace home, the summer flowers,  
Youth, beauty, and a crown ;

And O, the love, the loyal love,  
Men gave me for my own ! —  
This was my royalty — above  
The sceptre and the throne.

The love that hid the people's hate,  
That scorned the people's will, —  
What though it lured me to my fate !  
I proudly bless it still.

True love, but vain; the sun has set, —  
I trifled with its noon, —  
And night is not at darkest yet,  
Nor the end coming soon.

Sleep, Louis ! soft the sunbeams fall  
On thy calm dreaming face,  
Shining, as if on palace hall,  
Into this dreary place.

Sleep, Louis ! thine the calmer heart,  
Thine the less prescient soul;  
They feel the present, smaller part,  
While mine forebode the whole.

Hold thine unspoken dread, my heart,  
Fast bound in lowest deep.  
A wakeful courage is my part:  
Do thou, my Louis, sleep!

F. CASHEL HOET.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

“Now I lay” — say it, darling;  
“Lay me,” lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,  
O'er her folded finger-tips.

“Down to sleep” — “To sleep,” she murmured,  
And the curly head dropped low;  
“I pray the Lord” — I gently added,  
“You can say it all, I know.”

“Pray the Lord” — the words came faintly,  
Fainter still — “My soul to keep;”  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered,  
“Mamma, God knows all the rest.”

O, the trusting, sweet confiding  
Of the child heart! Would that I  
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,  
He who hears my feeblest cry.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other Parts of Europe.* By Dr. Ferdinand Keller, President of the Antiquarian Association of Zürich. Translated and arranged by John Edward Lee. London, 1866.
2. *L'Homme Fossile en Europe.* Par H. Le Hon. Brussels, 1867.
3. *Pre-Historic Times; as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages.* By John Lubbock, F.R.S. London, 1865.
4. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. 3rd Edition, revised. London, 1863.
5. *Lake Habitations and Pre-Historic Remains in the Turbaries and Marl-Beds of Northern and Central Italy.* By Bartolomeo Gastaldi. Translated and Edited by Charles Harcourt Chambers, M.A., &c. Published for the Anthropological Society of London. 1865.
6. *Habitations Lacustres des Temps Anciens et Modernes.* Par Frédéric Troyon. Lausanne, 1860.

THERE are few readier means of attacking the testimony of an old traveller or historian than to point out that he tells improbable stories: things not perhaps physically impossible, but unfamiliar to the critic's experience, and therefore not set down by him in the catalogue of likely incidents. This kind of criticism, however, has the serious fault of going hand-in-hand with ignorance. The less the critic knows of the world, the more things, of course, seem unlikely to him; and in the long run his assault is apt to strengthen the very evidence it was directed against. It comes out that what the old writer asserted does unquestionably happen somewhere else, and his credit at once stands higher than ever; the unbelieving critic is laughed at, and public opinion turns, by a natural reaction, towards the belief that everything an old book says must be true unless it be proved false. The argument from improbability has in this way been brought to bear against Herodotus, with the effect on the whole of strengthening our confidence in him. Thus fault has been found with his account of the broad-tailed sheep, with their tails fixed by

the careful shepherds on little carriages, to protect them from being wounded by dragging on the rough ground; yet, allowing for some extravagance in the dimensions of the tails, we all know there are such breeds. So his stories of the Scythians killing and eating their sick and aged relatives has been questioned; but ethnologists are well aware that modern tribes have been found practising such horrors, though, like these Scythians, rather in kindness than in cruelty. And among other curious accounts recorded by the Father of History, his matter-of-fact description of certain people of Lake Prasias, in Thrace, in the 6th century B.C., has been treated as imaginary. The houses of these people, he tells us, were built on planks on piles out in the lake, with a narrow bridge to connect them with the shore. The platforms were at first set up by the citizens working in common; but afterwards it became a rule that every man should drive three new piles for each wife he married, they having many wives. Each man had his own hut, with its trap-door over the lake; and they tied the babies by the foot with a cord, to prevent their rolling into the water. They gave the horses and cattle fish for food, which was so plentiful that a man had only to let down his trap-door and lower a basket (probably a wicker fish-trap) into the water, and in a short time he would draw it up full of fish.\*

Now, so far from its being impossible that people should choose such a mode of life as this, they have again and again been found living so. There is a record by Abulfeda, the Syrian geographer, of Christian fishermen living in the thirteenth century in wooden huts built on piles in one of the Apamean lakes on the Orontes. The pile-huts of the Papuans of New Guinea were described and drawn, some forty years ago, by Dumont d'Urville, and they are still inhabited. Mr. A. R. Wallace, the naturalist, lived for days in one of their quaint water-villages, with their floors supported on piles carved into rude human figures seeming to stand upon the water — rows of grotesque and somewhat disagreeable savage Caryatides. Still later, Captain Burton mentions a visit to an African

\* Herodotus, v. 16.

tribe, the Iso, who, during some forgotten war, fled from Dahome and established themselves in a lagoon marked in our charts as the Denham waters:—

‘ The Dahoman king is sworn never to lead his army where canoes may be required; these Iso, therefore, have built their huts upon tall poles, about a mile distant from the shore. Their villages at once suggest the Prasian lake dwellings of Herodotus, and the crannoges of Ireland and the Swiss waters. The people are essentially boatmen; they avoid dry land as much as possible, and though said to be ferocious, they are civil enough to strangers. In June, 1863, I moored my little canoe under one of their huts, and I well remember the grotesque sensation of hearing children, dogs, pigs, and poultry actively engaged aloft.’ \*

But the habits of such aquatic tribes, ancient or modern, would have attracted little attention, had it not been for a course of discoveries made within the last few years, which have given to the lake-dwellers a prominent place in what we may venture to call the pre-historic history of Europe. The Lake of Zürich happened to be unusually low at the end of 1853; the inhabitants near by took advantage of the favourable moment, walled in plots of low land, and set to work to raise this into useful ground by bringing mud from the flats now left bare by the Lake. In excavating this mud, the workmen were astonished to find themselves standing among the piles of an ancient lake settlement, with the implements and rubbish of the old inhabitants still lying round them. Before long the Swiss antiquaries had explored the margins of other lakes, and had proved that the old description of Herodotus was typical of the life of early Swiss tribes, whose hundreds of water villages had once fringed the shore-line, where the water was not too deep nor the ground too hard for pile-driving. In fact, the great blank spaces that stand for inland waters in the Swiss maps would have been encroached on in a more ancient survey by a bordering of lake settlements, whose names no geographer is now ever likely to restore, though perchance the names of adjoining villages on the shore may still keep up, as

such words will do, some mutilated tradition of this earliest local nomenclature. In lakes of North Italy and Germany similar discoveries have since been made, and the crannoges of the Irish and Scotch lakes have been not indeed freshly discovered, but examined by antiquaries with new care, as belonging to the now interesting class of lacustrine works. Had it not been for a loss lately sustained by ethnological science, we might perhaps at this moment have been testing the truth of Herodotus’s account of the Paeonian lake-dwellers by commenting on actual specimens of their huts, their weapons, and their fishing implements. With the aid of Sir John Lubbock, and others interested in such inquiries, Professor von Morlot, a zealous Swiss archaeologist, was in the midst of arranging an expedition into Roumelia to dredge in Lake Prasias, when he died, leaving in his will a characteristic bequest to science—his own skull to be set up as a specimen. If the Prasian lake-men ever existed, their remains may be reasonably expected to be still lying there *in situ*; and it is to be hoped that some properly qualified traveller may ere long carry out the curious research so unhappily interrupted.

Until lately, the only systematic book devoted to lake dwellings was that of M. Troyon, an early and successful investigator, but who wrote with a certain poetic license suited to a young science, of then but seven years’ growth, rather than with the more rigid strictness of argument into which the subject has now settled down after seven years more. Dr. Keller, of Zürich, is perhaps the leading authority on lacustrine matters; and now that Mr. Lee has collected and edited his papers in an excellent English translation, this volume must become the main work of reference for archaeologists; while less special readers, who avoid elaborate details of antiquarian ‘finds,’ will yet read with pleasure and profit the general essays on the manner of life and place in history of dwellers in the lakes.

The habits of these people are known with wonderful accuracy; their houses, their agricultural and pastoral pursuits, their manufactures, and even their bartering commerce with foreign lands, are

\* ‘Memoirs Anthropological Society of London,’ vol. i. p. 311.

vouched for by good evidence; and yet, in spite of all this, it is utterly unknown what manner of men they were in body, what their language and their laws may have been like, what they believed, and what they worshipped. We are left to judge of their mental and moral condition as best we may, by comparing them with recent races whose material life stands near the same level. For this purpose an excellent manual is available, scientific in matter and popular in expression. In Sir John Lubbock's 'Pre-historic Times,' the lake-dwellers are not drawn in an isolated sketch, but set in their proper niche among tribes of culture more or less resembling their own — men of the Stone and Bronze Ages and the entrance of the Iron Age, the cavedwellers\* and the men of the Scandinavian shell-heaps, the mound-builders of America, and more modern savage tribes taken in a general view.

It need hardly be said that descriptions and drawings, and the rows of flint-flakes and potsherds in museums, cannot give to these old tribes the touch of real human interest that is gained by exploring the very places where they lived. The Swiss lake-dwellers were but savages in wooden huts; but we can stand among stumps of rude posts in a mud-bank or a peat-bog, and shape to ourselves the liveliest pictures of their homes and habits. What impressions these strange old sites leave on the minds of observers may perhaps be judged from the following notes of a recent visit to the place of one of the most remarkable lake-towns in Switzerland.

On the railway between Zürich and Chur there is a little station called Wetzikon, in a lowland country backed by the Glarus mountains, but itself only saved from flatness by the undulating hills of 'Molasse' near by. A short drive through the village of Stegen ends in a wide stretch of peat-moor, with the swampy little lake of Pfäffikon in sight a few hundred yards further on. This is Robenhausen, the site of a lake settlement of the Stone Age, some

three acres in extent. Not far across the moor we come among places where the piles are standing by scores in little sheets of water. When these piles were driven they were in the lake itself, a mile or so from the shore, and only connected with it by a long pier, also on piles; but since then, in the course of ages, the peat has encroached upon the water and pushed back the lake to a sheet of half its former extent, standing in the middle of its earlier basin. In these spots, however, where the excavators have cut through the thin layer of mould which now overlies the moor, and have then removed a couple of yards or so of peat, and the water has flowed in and filled the excavated space to half its depth, things have been restored to something like their original condition, and the piles again stand in water as they used to do before the deserted village was finally left to be embedded in the growing peat. Piles that have lately been drawn out lie about in heaps. They are posts made of whole trunks of young firs, not even barked when they were set up, though the bark has now often gone; they look fresh and almost new, and though the wood is rotten, the end of each pile, rudely sharpened for driving deep into the mud, still shows every scoop of the stone hatchet with which it was painfully hacked to a point. But this can only be seen while the piles are fresh, for when taken away to be put in collections they have the troublesome habit of shrinking to a sixth of their size while drying, and this they do in a curious way: first there appears a crack lengthwise, which opens out day by day into a wide split down to the centre, till the sides of the wound at last fold back towards each other, like a book opened in the middle and turned back more than wide-open. In this state they are distorted out of all knowledge, so that the way to keep the impression of the tool-marks is to take a plaster-cast from the pile while it is still wet.

The plates in Dr. Keller's book give an excellent notion of the appearance of these patches of old Robenhausen restored, for a while to the appearance of still recent ruins, though only to perish by exposure to the air. Among the piles lies every-

\* We have for the sake of convenience adopted the ordinary arrangement of modern archeologists, but we have grave doubts whether there is such an invariable sequence in the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, especially in the two latter, as is usually supposed.

thing which could be saved from total destruction by being packed in the peat which was slowly growing and enclosing it during the whole history of the place. The unhewn trunks or hewn boards of the platform fell in if they were not burnt, and lie there still, showing how they were made fast above to the tops of the piles with wooden pins. From each hut rubbish and lost articles were dropped into the water, till the remains of the hut itself came down on top. This natural museum forms the so-called 'relic-bed,' which is simply the lower level of peat upon the lake-bottom. Scoop up a shovelful of it and examine its contents. Lumps of a kind of soppy clay are the remains of the 'compo,' as a builder would call it, with which the platform was thickly plastered. Bits of charcoal are everywhere, and it is not to be supposed that they came from the fire-places above, for only ashes are ever thrown away from a wood-fire; they must always indicate the remains of wood-work that has been burnt down. Sherds of pottery, of course unglazed, but of tolerable quality, come up in abundance; there is no end of the fish-scales and nut-shells; and bones are found by tons, dexterously broken in to get at the marrow. But as Herr Messikomer began to explore, foot by foot, this great rubbish-field, he became aware that these things are not mixed indiscriminately. The contents of each dwelling lie under it: here was a granary, and it was full of corn when it was burnt down, for the charred grains of barley may be scooped up by handfuls, and if you are fortunate you may even secure perfect ears with the beard on; and here was a flax-store, for there is the flax in banks of spun thread, and in cords, nets, and plaited or woven cloth, and hard by are numbers of the earthenware cones which served for the weaver's loom-weights. It used to be thought that the lake-dwellers must have kept their cows and pigs, sheep and goats, in secure pens on shore; but here it was clearly made out, for the first time, that the cattle were kept out in the lake, for their stalls are marked among the huts by the mass of stable-refuse, and there is even some reason to think that the natives gathered it into manure heaps to carry to their fields. In one spot the places and sizes of six separate huts were marked out, not by the posts or siding-boards of the huts themselves—for these were no longer to be distinguished—but by finding in each of six places, at equal distances, a set of remains evidently belonging to a separate establishment, namely, the great stones

used for a hearth, a heap of corn and a mealing-stone to grind it on, a store of flax with bits of made cloth, and the clay-weights which were all that remained of the simple loom. To map out the settlement in this way is, of course, a task requiring endless care and patience; but Robenhausen has been very fortunate in its proprietor and explorer. For the last ten years since he discovered the place, almost as soon as lake dwellings were thought of, Herr Messikomer has been excavating, preserving specimens, trying experiments to realise the savage arts of the former owners of his estate—qualifying himself, in fact, for life in a primæval Stone Age. It must really have been a shock to him when he had the misfortune of finding certain earthen crucibles, with lumps of melted bronze in them, which showed that even at Robenhausen primitive simplicity had not held out quite to the end. But no bronze implement has been found, so that while these melting-pots clearly show the first appearance of an Age of Bronze, it may, at least, be argued that the settlement scarcely survived the intrusion.

As far as topography and other material details go, the history of the place may be made out with the most curious accuracy. Herr Messikomer, excavating at the edge of the Aa Brook Canal, found a state of things which at first puzzled him extremely. Below three feet of peat he came upon the remains of the earthen flooring of the lake-platform, with bits of cloth, charred apples, and such things, among it; but below this the peat began again, and lay for two or three feet above another bed of flooring and remains. At last he came upon a clear section farther on, and found evidence of three settlements, one above another. The first settlers had driven piles in the shell-marl of the lake-bottom; but before very long their village was burnt down, leaving a bed of bits of charcoal, mixed with grains of wheat and barley, bits of thread and cloth and fishing-nets, all charred likewise by the fire, and thus in beautiful preservation for antiquarian purposes. The inhabitants set to work again, drove piles in great numbers, and lived long enough in their new huts for a bed of peat, three feet thick, to grow up beneath them, full of meat-bones and pot-sherds. Then a destruction like the first took place, and the charred heads of the piles remain to show how the settlement was burnt to the water's edge, while again the layer of charcoal, with the usual relics of corn and fruit, cloth and implements, mark the extent of the burnt vil-

lage. When it was renewed for the third time, the builders had left off using stems of fir-trees for their piles, and had taken to splitting oak trunks instead; and such a depth of mixed peat and rubbish had accumulated on the spot since the days of the first inhabitants, that these last ones simply drove their piles far enough into it, not reaching the ground of the lake at all. This new settlement only covered a part of the old site; but it was long inhabited, and, unlike the others, it was not burnt down. It seems, indeed, that the peat had at last grown so high that the lake became a mere bog, and the settlers abandoned their homes. The peat grew till it reached the top of the water, and since then the decaying marsh-plants and the dust have accumulated into the half-foot of mould which covers the whole peat-field. This part is now cut for fuel, and in having it dug in places beyond the limits of the settlement, which were then open lake, Herr Messikomer made one of the most curious of his many acute inferences as to the history of his lake-men. In examining the peats laid out to dry, it is seen that a distinct strip of bog, a few hundred yards wide, running north from the settlement, is full of bits of charcoal; but on both sides of the strip there is none. Now, the deadliest combination of circumstances to a Swiss village is still, as of old, a fire which happens when the furious south wind, called the Föhnwind, blows. There is little help against the conflagration then, and hardly a town in central Switzerland has not at one time or another been thus devastated or utterly destroyed. When ancient Robenhausen was burnt—whether the first or the second time we do not know—the track of the fierce south wind that swept the flames from hut to hut is still marked by the shower of embers which it carried along northward and dropped into the muddy lake.

Elsewhere in Switzerland, in places at the edge of the great lakes, where no peat grows, the alluvial mud deposited in the quiet bays chosen by the old settlers often imbeds the remains of their villages. It was so at Meilen, where the first discovery of them was made in excavating the deep mud-flats; and in other places, where the deposit is shallower, the dredging-machine travelling over the muddy bottom of the lakes still brings up remains in great quantities, though unfortunately much damaged in the process. On such ground the antiquary works with gentler means, dragging a toothed scraper from his boat and bringing up the mud in scoops. Where

scarcely any geographical change has happened since the time when the settlements were inhabited, in many places—in the Lake of Geneva, for instance—the remains of the piles may be still discerned under water, standing as they always stood, and sometimes still five or six feet high from the ground. Among these piles, strange to say, there lie bones, and potsherds, and weapons on the lake-bottom, just as they were dropped so many centuries ago, and the antiquary, paddling slowly above the sites of such villages, sees his specimens lying and picks them up with a pair of tongs made to work with a cord at the end of a long pole. How quiet has been their resting-place for ages, we may judge from M. Troyon's finding in one place a group of earthenware fragments and putting them together into a large and complete vase, and in another securing a pair of bronze bracelets at one haul of the dredge—one greenish and incrusted from having lain on the lake-bottom in full sight from boats ever since it was dropped, the other sunk far enough into the mud to have remained as fresh as if but just out of the casting-mould. It was formerly held a doubtful point whether the primitive dwellings were really built standing in the water, or whether they were not rather huts built on the low lake-banks, and protected by pile-dams from the flood. But it is now quite clear that the huts certainly stood on platforms on piles in the water, so that the accumulating peat or mud received all that dropped from them, generation after generation. At Wangen, on the Lake of Constance, when the water is low, we can now walk dryshod to the furthest piles of the old settlement; but this is because the mould, sand, and gravel have accumulated over the spot since it was founded, so that even when the water is high part of the village is now on shore. But there has been no general shifting of level in the lakes of Switzerland since the time of the lake-men, and often things are just as they were. It is so at Morges, where the piles of a considerable settlement are to be seen some 500 feet from the shore, and 8 or 10 feet below low-water mark: among them lie some of the old timbers, and a dug-out canoe was to be seen half-buried in the mud. If the townspeople would only build there a group of fishermen's huts on piles, such as actually stood in the last century in the Limmat which flows into the Lake of Zürich, we should have the old Morges settlement at once restored to something of its pristine appearance.

In these old hut-platforms we see before

us the rude and early type of structures in common use in our wooden piers and bridges, in the pile-built houses of the Low Countries, or of the dismal flats of the lower Mississippi, where the inhabitants cross to their outbuildings on pile-bridges, and talk of the 'high land' when they mean a mud-bank four feet above high-water mark. But the lacustrine dwellings of early Europe show also types of two other constructions still carried on in modern times. One of these is the fascine-work used so successfully by Stephenson in making his railway across the quaking Chat Moss by laying brushwood and faggots, and as the bog swallowed them up, laying yet more and more, till at last they bore their load. Under similar circumstances the ancient inhabitants of the little swampy Moosseedorf, near Berne, appear to have made their communication with the shore by a road of piled faggots whose trace is still marked by the remains of cross branches lying in the peat. But they sometimes carried out the same idea on a large scale, and this in early Stone Age times. At Niederwyl, near Frauenfeld, there have been found the wonderfully perfect ruins of an island of timber and faggots, built up from the bottom of a little boggy lake, since grown into a peat-moor. The common pile-construction would not have answered here, for the piles would have given sideways, or quite sunk in the soft, swampy ground, under the heavy pressure of the huts; and they were therefore only driven in small numbers to serve as a framework and binding for beds of sticks and brushwood, which were sunk into their places by layers of sand and gravel laid on the top of each; and thus the wooden and earthen layers alternated throughout the pile to the surface of the water. On this artificial island the builders framed a solid structure of logs, and covered the whole with a rude board-platform. On this platform stood the huts, and the stumps of their side-posts were found, with even the skirting-boards which formed the lowest part of the side walls. No doubt we have in the drawings of this platform, as it first came to light, a representation of what the ordinary platform on piles would have looked like. The thick earthen floor, laid to keep out the damp, was still there, and even the very hearth-stones were in their places on the ground-floor of the huts as when they were deserted. These fascine-settlements were not so common as those supported on piles; in fact, though suited to the peculiar circumstances of a small and swampy pool, they would not have stood against the

stormy waves of a great lake, which would have swept away their solid woodwork while passing harmlessly through open lines of piles.

It is out in wider lakes that we find the ancient builders constructing themselves settlements which correspond to our modern breakwaters, such as those of Portland Harbour or Falmouth Docks. They drove piles in the lake-bottom, and then proceeded to drop heavy stones among them from boats or rafts, till the piles stood firmly imbedded in a solid stone island. They probably found it easier to raise the bottom round the piles, than to drive the piles into the bottom. Such stone-hillocks under water are not uncommon in Switzerland, and the fishermen call them steinbergs. There is a fine one in the Bielersee, which lies seven or eight feet under water, covering two or three acres of ground; and the piles are still to be seen projecting from it. Of course such a vast structure as this could not pass unnoticed; but Roman remains are found not far off, and till Swiss antiquaries became alive to the existence of their ancient lake-men, these piles were thought to belong to some Roman work. But the place is, in fact, an immense Bronze-Age settlement, full of the most interesting remains. The stones which form the great mound are water-worn boulders of quartz and granite, brought with great labour from the heights above Nidau, while at St. Peter's Island, a little way off, where there is another steinberg, a canoe fifty feet long and three or four feet wide, hollowed from a single trunk, was found at the bottom, freighted with stones for banking up the piles: no doubt it had been overloaded and had sunk there. In the Lake of Neufchâtel is another steinberg, that of Marin, which contains in vast quantities the relics of an Iron-Age settlement: such as above fifty iron swords, some with their sheaths, iron lance-heads, shield-plates, hatchets and clasps in profusion, and even a lynch-pin and a couple of snaffle-bits.

From such Swiss constructions as these we pass naturally to the stockaded islands of Scotland. The crannogs proper, as Mr. Stuart calls them in his account contributed to Mr. Lee's work, combine in a very curious way both the Swiss types, the fascine-island, and the steinberg. A double enclosure of piles of young oak-trees was set up in the lake-bed; the outer palisade to serve as breakwater and fortification, the inner to form the wall of the artificial island, which was made by sinking logs in the bed of the lake, and heaping on the wood a

mass of earth and stones. But the group of crannogs of Loch Dowalton in Wigtonshire, when left exposed by the drainage of the lake, proved to be even more exactly like the fascine-islands of Niederwyl and Wauwyl, for their surface of stones rested on layers of brushwood, logs, and stones, down to the lowest stratum of fern spread on the bottom of the loch. In Ireland and Scotland together there are near a hundred crannogs known, but in the Irish ones it was usual to take advantage of a natural island, and to complete it by palisades and heaps of stones, into a strong and habitable fortress.

What were the motives that have induced men in so many different places to go out and build their damp and inconvenient abodes in lakes? It is obvious that the main reason which accounts for the existence of houses on piles all over the world does not hold here. The ancient Swiss were not driven by floods to build their huts on high scaffolds, like the Guarans of the Orinoco, whose fires Sir Walter Raleigh saw gleaming high up among the trees, or like the Burmese, through whose hamlets the traveller in the rainy season passes in his boat. Again, it was held for years, and by some of the ablest Swiss archaeologists, that fear of wild beasts was one reason which drove the old inhabitants to live out in the lake; but the notion is untenable.\* The lake-dwellers belong to a comparatively recent period in Europe; the mammoth, the cave-tiger, and the hyæna, were no longer in the land, as in the days of the earlier and ruder cave-men. Their wild beasts were only the bear, the wolf, and the fox, though no doubt the country swarmed with these. But the notion of people living in the water to be out of the way of bears or wolves, is an undeserved slur upon the lowest savage. A bear is, indeed, an ugly antagonist, especially to hunters whose best weapons are but stone-pointed spears and arrows; yet though savages may shrink from even mentioning his dreaded name, call him 'Grand-papa' to propitiate him, ask pardon of his dead carcase, or even put the pipe of peace into his mouth to engage it to take no vengeance, nevertheless between hunger and hatred they get the better of their fears,

\* We should have roundly asserted such a thing to be out of the question anywhere, had it not been for recollecting a remark of one Gasparo Balbi, a Venetian jeweller, who was in Pegg in 1583, who accounts for the houses on piles as for safety from tigers. Yet even here the real motive was very likely the annual inundation of the country. Respecting the pile-dwellings of Lake Maracaybo in South America, the remarkable statement has been made that the Indians resort to this aquatic life to escape the mosquitoes, which infest the shores.

and kill their bears and eat them. The enemies against whom the lake settlements were built as fastnesses were not bears, but men.

Though the arts of fortification and siege have now taken up means so much more effective than in past times, we can see that in old days such fortresses as the 'Moat' at Eyetham, which was built in Edward the Second's time, with its walls rising sheer from the water, or Leeds Castle, on its three little lake islands joined by draw-bridges, must have been places of great strength. So the stockaded islands of the Irish lakes were the ordinary strongholds of the country from old up to almost modern times. Thus, to quote but one of many records, even in 1567 the official report of one Thomas Phettipalace describes O'Neil as not trusting to his castles for safety, for 'that fortification which he only dependeth upon is in sartin ffreshwater loghes in his country, which from the sea there come neither ship nor boat to approach them, . . . . which islands hath in wars to fore been attempted, and now of late again by the Lord Deputy there, Sir Harry Sydney, which, for want of means for safe conduct upon the water it hath not prevailed.' Convenience of fishing and boating has, no doubt, in some cases induced people to build houses in the water; but, on the whole, the evidence as to lake settlements converges to the opinion that safety from enemies was their main motive. Captain Burton's Iso took to the lagoon to be safe from the King of Dahome. Even in 1810, the Dutch in the East Indies were hard put to it to suppress the rebellion of the native lake-town of Tondano; they were obliged to build boats to carry cannon to reduce the place; and, having succeeded, they never allowed so dangerous a fastness to be rebuilt. How strong the ancient Prasian pile-villages were, comes out very curiously in a remark of Herodotus, who mentions in quite an incidental way that when Darius sent his General Megabyzus to carry off the Paeonians, he reached Lake Prasias, but the dwellers in the lake settlements there were among the tribes whom he failed to subdue.

Thus, too, security from attack was clearly the motive of the Swiss lake-men of Robenhausen in driving their herds to stables in the lake, along a mile or more of pier from the pasture-lands of Kempten. Against enemies assailing them with spears and arrows from boats and rafts at a distance, and from storming parties clambering up their scaffolds, their position was very strong. But it would be interesting to ascertain whether, like so many savage

tribes, the early Swiss had hit upon the device of setting a besieged village in flames from a distance with flights of fire-javelins or arrows. Against such an attack the besieged would have had little chance when the invaders' boats were once in numbers in the lake around them; and very likely the conflagrations, which we know so often devastated the settlements built with such painful perseverance, were frequently the work of hostile hands. M. Le Hon, instead of reproducing Dr. Keller's ideal restoration of a Swiss lake village in peaceful occupation, has chosen for a 'sensational' frontispiece to his work on 'Fossil Man', the moment of a conflagration in the midst of a raging tempest, with the wretched natives plunging headlong into the lake, or escaping in their canoes. On the whole, we prefer the quieter pictures, which show the natives at their every-day work, fishing, paddling in dug-out canoes, or hanging out their nets. Such drawings give great reality to our ideas of Swiss lake-men, while almost all their details have some sort of evidence to rest on, except, perhaps, the circular huts which are still sometimes represented. M. Troyon cleverly calculated the shape and size of these supposed circular huts, from the curvature of the bits of clay-plastering which had fallen into the water, baked to brick when the wattled huts were burnt down. But his ingenious argument has come to nothing on closer examination of these irregularly-warped fragments, and it is undervaluing the constructive skill of the lake-dwellers to suppose them wasting a considerable fraction of the platform-space acquired with such enormous labour, by building circular huts on it instead of the oblong ones usual elsewhere, and of which remains are actually found at Niederwyl.

We have seen that many lake settlements, such as those now actually inhabited in the Eastern Archipelago or in Dahome, the mediæval ones of Ireland or Syria, and the more ancient ones still of Lake Prasias, come within the range of written history. But no history mentions the Swiss lake dwellings; they were utterly forgotten by the people who have since lived on the shore hard by and paddled day by day over their sites. There was indeed a paragraph in our newspapers three or four years ago, in which a traveller declared that he had found on the south side of the lake of Geneva a real tradition that people here once lived in villages out in the lake. But stories in the form of tradition are hopelessly vitiated when they embody, as this does, the results of modern scientific opinion.

If science had accepted the theory propounded in the early days of the lake-investigations, that the piles were the remains of great beaver-villages, the fishermen of Thonon and Evian might have been now telling as matter of history legends of these gigantic beavers, and pointing in confirmation to the supposed remains of their dams still standing in the water. Unless a tradition of lake settlements can be proved to have existed before 1853, the time when the news of the discovered lake dwellings spread throughout Switzerland, we must continue to believe that they were utterly forgotten up to the time when the antiquaries succeeded in re-constructing something of their annals. These at least touch history at their nearer end, for the latest Iron-Age villages come down to the Gallo-Roman period. Backward from this they extend, we know not how far, into a dark and distant past. Their race, and the dates of their occupation, cannot yet be made out with any approach to certainty; yet we find among the ruins of their homes the materials for determining much of the history of their culture. It will be best to give a brief account of this interesting series of facts and arguments, before concluding with such few and doubting remarks as may be made on their place among European tribes, and their date in the calendar of history.

By all who take an interest in the problem whether or not human civilisation is to be considered a product of gradual development upward from an early savage state of mankind, it will be seen as a highly important fact that the history of the Swiss lake-dwellers is the history of a gradual development in civilisation. They make their first appearance as thoroughly in the Stone-Age as the South Sea Islanders who planted the iron nails in expectation of reaping a crop of these valuable vegetables. At Wangen, or Moosseedorf, or the fascine platform of Wauwyl, there has not been found among the thousands of stone hatchets, knives, and arrow-heads, any trace of metal. They must have lived for many centuries in such places as these, with only implements of stone, horn and bone, and even these often of lower quality than such as are found among the modern Maoris or Caribs. They used the ordinary stone-flake knives, leather-scrappers, spears, arrow-heads, and celts, of savages all over the world; at Robenhausen the stone hatchet-blade has even been found in its hole in the very wooden club which served as its handle, and at Moosseedorf the little jagged stone saw was picked up in the worm-eaten

wooden backing by which it was held. We know to what immense distances the Indians of North America carried their red pipe-stone, how the shells of the great tropical *Pyrula perversa* were conveyed two thousand miles to Lake Superior, how even in Australia the special products of each district, pipe-clay and red ochre, drinking cups and cockatoo's feathers, and especially a 'much esteemed kind of flint from the North,' are conveyed by barter from tribe to tribe on the vast continent.\* Thus it need not in the least surprise us that the lake-dwellers seem to have got their best flint from France or Germany; but it is more remarkable that celts of the beautiful green stone known as nephrite seem to have been brought to them from the East. With bows and arrows, clubs and javelins, they killed the bear, the wolf, the aurochs or bison, and the now extinct urus (*Bos primigenius*); and they hunted stags, wild boars, beavers, and smaller animals, in such vast numbers that game must have been a main item of their food. Like the New Zealanders and many other modern savages, the lake-dwellers were agriculturists, and their rude instruments of stick or stag's horn are savage enough. They cultivated wheat and barley, and we still find the grain in heaps, as well as the sandstone slabs and pounders with which it was crushed into meal, the flat stones on which the dough was baked, and even the very cakes of bread themselves. But they were herdsmen as well as tillers of the ground, and to match this combination we must look to other than New World or South Sea Island tribes. Perhaps of all people whom we know of direct knowledge, the Guanches of the Canary Islands most nearly represent the same stage of civilisation; these islanders were found in the fourteenth century making hatchets, knives, lancets and spear-heads of obsidian, and axes of green jasper; keeping sheep, goats and pigs, hoeing their barleyfields with sticks pointed with goat's-horns; dressing themselves in skins and woven cloth, sewing their sinew-thread with needles of bone, making mats and earthen cooking-pots, catching their fish with hooks of horn and nets of rush. Such was the early condition of the Swiss lake-tribes.

When, in the sixteenth century, the Spanish invaders first made their way to Mexico, they found that the builders of that wonderful city, skilful as they were in the industrial arts, yet used stone hatchets, cemented rows of sharp obsidian teeth into

their war-clubs, pointed their spears and arrows with the same mineral, and even had themselves shaved with beautifully regular flakes of it, such as may now be seen in our museums looking like fluted strips of bottle-glass. But though using these savage instruments, the ancient Mexicans had learnt, we have no idea how, to make that alloy of copper and tin which we call bronze. Of this they made their hatchet-blades in such quantities that Bernal Diaz and his companions, thinking that the bright metal was gold, set to bartering coloured beads with the natives for them, and in three days got six hundred before they found out their mistake. The Mexicans had in fact entered what archaeologists call the Bronze Age, and at a certain period of their history the Swiss lake-tribes did the same. Of course they must have obtained not only their knowledge of the metal but the metal itself from abroad, but they melted it in their own foundries, of which there was, for instance, a considerable one at Morges. The copper and the tin have been found separate, and there occur crucibles with remains of metal, moulds for casting celts, and bad castings broken up for old metal. The possession of bronze at once began to make a difference in the settlements. This is curiously to be traced at Meilen, which almost exclusively belongs to the stone period, but a bronze bracelet and a single bronze celt have been found there, showing that the metal had made its appearance in the village; and accordingly, while most of the piles had been rudely pointed with stone hatchets, sometimes with the aid of fire, a very few were found which had been cut with a metal hatchet. The difference has been well described as like that between a well and a badly-cut lead pencil, and the effects of the increased facility which the bronze hatchet gave in pile-making is seen at once by the Bronze-Age villages being set in deeper water farther from the shore. Thus the piles of these later villages are much more extensively to be seen still under water, in the Lake of Geneva and elsewhere, than the earlier Stone-Age ones; they have not only been left fewer centuries to decay, but their stumps have remained undisturbed in deep water below where the fiercest tempest can reach them.

That most able botanist, Professor Oswald Heer, of Zürich, has studied the vegetable remains found in the lake villages with remarkable results. He has shown, for instance, that the inhabitants lived there both in summer and winter, for the

\* A. J. Oldfield, 'The Aborigines of Australia,' in 'Transactions of the Ethnological Society,' vol. iii. (1865) p. 269.

cherries, whose stones remain, must have been ripe in June, the raspberries and blackberries far on in summer, while the sloes and hips did not become eatable till winter began, and the stores of hazelnuts and beech-nuts might last yet later. Even in the early Stone Age, they cultivated several kinds of grain, the six-rowed barley, various kinds of wheat, including the Egyptian variety, and two kinds of millet; while flax was largely grown and plaited, tied and woven with surprising skill, and we seem to find in their primitive tied fabrics, as compared with their elaborate specimens of real weaving, evidence of progress in the industrial arts during the Stone Age. The loom which they used has been reconstructed by a Zurich weaver, and, strange to say, it proves all but identical with that which has remained in use in Iceland up to modern times.\* It may be even possible to judge from the weeds that it was from Mediterranean countries that the lake-men received their grain and flax; for the Cretan catchfly (*Silene Cretica, L.*) is a weed common in the flax-fields of Greece, Italy, and Spain, and it appears in the Swiss lake-dwellings, though it is not found living in Switzerland or Germany; and the presence of another plant, the corn blue-bottle (*Centaurea cyanus*), of which the original home seems to be Sicily, tells a similar tale. This evidence, if trustworthy, would seem to show intercourse between the Swiss lake-men and peoples of Southern Europe; these latter being also in the Stone Age, or why should they not have transmitted their metal as well as their plants? During the Bronze Age new importations took place, and there appear for the first time oats, spelt, and a dwarf field-bean. The results obtained by Professor Rutimeyer, of Basle, from a study of the animal remains, also indicate a progressing civilisation. In the early Stone Age, the aurochs or bison, and the ursus or great fossil wild ox, which Cæsar spoke of as little smaller than an elephant, were very numerous. Foxes were more plentiful than dogs, and their broken bones show that, like the present Esquimaux, the lake-men ate them. But with the introduction of metal weapons, and no doubt in great measure in consequence of it, 'all game or wild animals, which in early ages far preponderated in number over the domestic animals, began to decline in a most marked manner, and became of second-rate importance.' Two

races of wild hogs were known in the Stone Age, but when we come to the Bronze Age we find our domestic pig. To complete this picture of a general advance of civilisation, it is to be observed that with the introduction of bronze came into use instruments hitherto unknown, such, for instance, as the sickle and the sword, while, the general average of art moving onward, the clumsy terra cotta vessels of the Stone Age gave place to earthenware of far higher quality and ornamentation.

When the Bronze Age had endured long enough for important settlements belonging to it to grow up in the lakes, it was in its turn followed by the Iron Age. Now we know very little of the political circumstances under which the Bronze Age superseded the Stone Age anywhere, and in fact only judge by circumstantial evidence that such a change did take place in many districts. But it happens that the introduction of the Iron Age in various countries is a matter of distinct history to us. We know well how with ruin and fire, with slaughter and captivity, with the utter subversion of old creeds and laws and culture, the Spaniards carried the Iron Age in upon the Bronze Age of Mexico and Peru. In the seventeenth century the rude natives of Kamtschatka were still in the Stone Age, painfully scooping out their canoes and cooking-troughs with implements of stone; and historians can tell us that it was no gentle wave of advancing civilisation that broke upon them when the Cossack invaders carried their iron and their arts among them. And thus with the savages of America and the Pacific, the transition from stone to iron has been in general accompanied by the violent entrance, not only of new civilisation, but of new civilisers. Such facts as these make us loth to throw aside altogether M. Troyon's theory of the history of his Swiss lake-tribes, that the appearance of the Bronze Age and the Iron Age indicate the entrance of new and dominant races into the country. The early history of Europe is full of records of such invasions. Our own annals take in Romans, Saxons, Normans, at once as conquerors and as bearers of new civilisation; and the evidence is strong that the rude tribes of Lapland and Finland, and the Basques, of whom a remnant survives in the Pyrenees, represent early populations once spread more widely over Europe, but partly destroyed, partly assimilated, and partly driven into outlying regions of the north and west, by invaders who took possession of their lands. But M. Troyon steps on ground not firm enough for us to

\* See Tylor, 'Early History of Mankind,' p. 188, and in the proceedings of the Congress of Pre-historic Archaeology at Norwich (1868).

tread when he lays out methodically the history of an original Stone-Age population, invaded by conquering Keltic tribes with their weapons of bronze, followed at a later time by the Helvetii pouring into the land with their yet deadlier iron swords and spears. As to the lake dwellings themselves, we have seen how the last days of the lake towns of Meilen and Robenhausen correspond with the first appearance of bronze, just as the destruction of many a village fastness of modern savages corresponds with the first appearance of the white man in the land with his sword and musket. The distribution of the lake villages on the map changed remarkably while these things were happening. Distributed generally through the country in the early Stone Age, they became more restricted towards the Western Cantons in the Bronze Age; and at last in the Iron Age they dwindled in number to a mere remnant, mostly confined to the two lakes of Bienne and Neuchâtel. It is but a sequence to this course of things, that after lasting on in a few places up to times marked by the presence of Roman coins and pottery, they disappeared altogether, and at last were utterly forgotten.

The Romans certainly were in Switzerland and left their traces there, discernible enough even now; and very likely they followed earlier streams of invading immigrants. But we cannot with any safety reconstruct these early chronicles by inspection of the stone and metal implements of the lake-dwellers. Of such pre-Roman invaders Dr. Keller, indeed, will not hear a word. Refusing to admit evidence of general change of population, he argues that the Keltic tribes who occupied the country when we first hear of it in Roman history were the very people who lived, some on the lakes, but no doubt most in ordinary villages on dry land. The plough must have broken up the site of many an ancient settlement on land, and new towns must cover the place of many others; but there still remain convincing proofs in the ruins of old villages, such as that of Ebersberg near the Schaffhausen falls, that the Bronze-Age people who lived on the lakes were part and parcel of the general inhabitants of the country. In the advance of civilisation among this population, as he judges of them from the remains preserved in the lakes, Dr. Keller sees, not the record of successive invasions, but the general development of culture among an industrious and energetic people. Everywhere he discerns a continuity in the early Swiss history which thus comes before his eyes. He insists on the significant fact that on the in-

roduction of bronze the natives began to copy their old stone weapons in the new material, while in later times there are cases of the bronze types being copied in the iron which had just appeared. This, indeed, does look more like gradual development than the intrusion of foreigners with their ready-made implements. The way in which we find the remains of pile-villages in the lake of Geneva, each lying in the water in front of a modern town, is a striking proof of unbroken residence, as if the lake-dwellers, no longer finding enough advantage from their peculiar way of life to make it worth while to continue it, simply removed and built their wattled cottages on the shore. It is obvious, however, that when Dr. Keller thus takes the lake-dwellers to have been Keltic tribes who began their Swiss life as Stone-Age men, he cannot hold the common opinion that the Kelts, with other Aryan tribes, were at least acquainted with bronze when they spread over Europe, and in fact he simply declares that this view 'is unfounded.' Now what is called the Aryan theory, which traces the migration of Kelts, Germans, Greeks, Romans, and Slaves from Asia into Europe, rests mainly on philological evidence; and in spite of the common opinion that the whole Aryan race before its separation was already in the Bronze Age, we cannot see that this is based on substantial proof. Dr. Keller's countryman, Professor Adolphe Pictet, endeavours to prove that his early Aryans were acquainted even with iron; but few ethnographers would accept the ingenious but far-fetched comparisons and etymologies on which he grounds his claim. For the opinion that the ancient Aryans were a Bronze-Age people, maintained by more cautious reasoners, such as Professor Albrecht Weber of Berlin and Professor Max Müller of Oxford, a better case may be made out, but it cannot be considered as conclusive. Let us grant, with the latter philologist, that Latin *as*, *avis*, Gothic *ais*, Old German *är*, Anglo-Saxon *dr*, English *ore*, are all forms of one original word, which meant copper, pure or alloyed into bronze; and let us admit the Sanskrit *ayas*, 'metal,' as representing the early Aryan form of this word. If we can secure ourselves against the possibility of later borrowing, we thus have a probability that copper was known before the ancestors of the Roman and the Teutonic stocks became separated from the ancestors of the Hindus. But this argument does not apply to the Kelts, whose separation from the parent stock is held, on philological grounds, to

have been very early; so that it lies open, even to the strongest upholders of the Aryan theory, to hold at the same time that the Keltic tribes were Stone-Age men like the early settlers of Robenhausen, if they were not those settlers themselves.\* Had human remains been found in numbers in the lake settlements, they might have given important help in deciding the race of their builders: but, strange to say, they have been so seldom discovered, that some half-dozen skulls, not shown to be different from those of the present inhabitants of the country, are the miserably insufficient evidence to be laid before the craniologists. Their burial places have not been traced. We do not even know what they did with their dead; and so, perhaps, miss what we might have learnt from their tombs as to their ideas of a world beyond the grave. As for their religion in general, we find no idols, no temples, no altars, though Dr. Keller, indeed, finds a theory on certain ornamented, crescent-like objects of sandstone or earthenware, found in settlements of the Bronze Age both in the lakes and on the mainland. These he looks upon as images indicating a prevalent moon-worship; but we cannot follow him in his conjectures as to the meaning of these curious objects, and much less use them to connect their makers with Keltic races through an unproved Druidical moon-cultus. Such is in outline the problem as to the nationality of the Swiss lake-tribes, upon which our readers will scarcely wonder that we abstain from offering a decision of our own.

A very few years ago, in fact since the discovery of the Swiss lake dwellings, evidence was prominently brought forward in England to prove that the antiquity of man on the earth far transcended the common estimate of six or seven thousand years, seeing that tribes of men making and using very rude stone implements were already living in the time of the extinct quaternary animals. Since then the enquiry has been taken up with great vigour, and the search in gravel beds and limestone caverns has at any rate placed it beyond doubt that savage tribes of men inhabited Europe while the mammoth, the tichorine rhinoceros, the cave-bear and the cave-hyena, were still surviving in the land. Various attempts have been made to calculate the age of this period of early human history, and loose as these estimates have been, it seems at any rate to have been very remote. These investigations, however, beside their inherent

interest to all intelligent persons, gained a special attention from being looked upon as hostile to Christianity by a large public who accordingly either feared them, or sometimes triumphed in them. But those theologians who most thoroughly understand the bearings of the case see at once the uncharitableness and the injustice of bringing against such enquiries the imputation of heresy. Dates arrived at by the process of adding up generations and years and days, in such computations as that printed in the margin of our Bibles, can scarcely be regarded as limiting the age of the savages of Brixham and St. Acheul, when they would not be put in evidence against the high antiquity of the mammoths among whom these men lived. And however great may be the merit and use of calculations based on the Bible, they carry upon their face the confession of their indefiniteness, and obviously cannot be taken as binding upon men's faith.

It by no means follows, however, that because our minds are open to admit, upon any sufficient evidence, a very ancient date for man's appearance in history, we should therefore take the present vague calculations of twenty or fifty or a hundred thousand years, as being of the nature of scientific facts. We shall do well, instead of straining at possible thousands in this misty chronicle, to hold to the fewest hundreds that will answer the exigencies of the case. And thus, when we find the Swiss lake-dwellers brought in as part of the evidence bearing on the antiquity of man, as they are in three of the works now before us, we must look narrowly and grudgingly at the estimates of their age. No enormous antiquity is indeed claimed for them, but they form, in the treatises of Sir Charles Lyell, Sir John Lubbock, and Mons. Le Hon, a stepping-stone, as it were, in chronology to the yet more ancient tribes of the drift gravels and the Dordogne caves. As direct means of calculating their age, there are brought forward three geological arguments. The first is Herr Von Morlot's, based on a railway section through a conical accumulation of gravel and alluvium, which the torrent of the Tinière has gradually built up where it enters the Lake of Geneva near Villeneuve. This cone is remarkably regular in its structure, and in it there occur three sheets or layers of vegetable soil of great extent, each of which must at one time have formed the surface of the cone. The first is about 4 feet below the present surface, and contains Roman tiles and Roman coin; the second 10 feet down, contained unglazed pottery and a pair of twe-

\* See Pictet: 'Origines Indo-Européennes.' Part I., p. 161, &c. Max Muller: 'Lectures.' 2nd Series, p. 229, &c.

zers, relics of the bronze age; the third, 19 feet down, yielded rude pottery, charcoal, some broken bones, and a human skeleton with a small, round, and very thick skull. Allowing for certain disturbing influences, Herr von Morlot reckons, as we may roughly put it, about fourteen centuries for the accumulation of 4 feet between Roman times and our own, and thence reckons at the same rate of 1 foot to three and a half centuries, back to about 3500 years for the age of bronze, and to about 6500 years to the age of stone. We fail, however, to see that an accumulation of gravel, which was so interrupted and varying that six-inch layers of vegetable mould could be from time to time formed upon it, can be taken with any confidence, as a regular measure of the lapse of years. Again, M. Gilliéron calculates a minimum of 6750 years, required for the silting up of the valley of the Thièle, from the point where the remains of a lake settlement indicate the former presence of open water, but his ingenious argument requires more than one supposition by no means easy to verify. M. Troyon calculates in a similar way the date of the lake settlement of which the piles were found in a peat bog at Chamblon, near Yverdun. This old Roman town, Eburodunum, was once on the borders of the Lake of Neuchâtel, but 2500 feet of new ground now intervenes, and if the lake retreated at the same rate before Roman times, the Bronze-

Age lake settlement of Chamblon would be some 3300 years old. Such calculations as these are, Sir Charles Lyell holds, though confessedly imperfect, yet full of promise, and Sir John Lubbock insists with reason on the value of estimates, however crude, if while founded on different data they yet in the main agree in one result.

If we look at the lake remains themselves, and guess how long it must have taken for such large and numerous settlements to have grown up in the Stone Age, before the new series of towns belonging to the ages of bronze and iron, it seems necessary to date their first foundation in Switzerland several centuries before the Christian era. But this general impression of length of time does not readily shape itself into a distinct chronology. If we are to make a stand anywhere, we will make it in a protest against such point-blank assertions as that the Swiss lake villages belong to 'ages ascending far beyond the Pharaohs.' We suppose few chronologers would give to the pyramids of Egypt an antiquity of less than 2000 years B.C. The Swiss lake dwellings, for all we can prove to the contrary, may be as old as this, or even older; but mere possibilities go for little in such matters, and as yet we have met with nothing like an absolute convincing proof that the first湖man drove his first rudely-pointed fir stem in the Swiss waters fifteen hundred, or even a thousand years before the Christian era.

VERY many remember Quarles's 'Emblems,' and the amusement with which they looked on the quaint old pictures, the Soul locked up in the ribs of a skeleton death, and, again, rising from her bed in search of her spiritual spouse, who has slyly hidden behind the curtain, from which his head peeps out with its rays of glory. But many are not aware that the plates and the plan are borrowed: the life of Quarles in the *Biogr. Brit.*, the last edition of the 'Emblems' (1845), the life in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, give no hint of it. These plates, which are faithfully copied down to our day, are all found, as like as life, in the 'Pia Desideria' of Hermann Hugues, or Hugo (born at Brussels, 1588; died 1629), who was, for his length of life, a voluminous writer; he was a Jesuit. His first edition was, we believe, in 1624; the ninth in 1676. Every one of the plates has a Latin poem, followed by apposite quotations. Quarles (1592-1644) published the first edition of his 'Emblems' in 1635. His poems are neither translations nor imitations of those of Hugo: thus the skeleton-locked soul begins in Hugo,

Infelix! ubi nunc bona tot que perdita plango,  
Sed frustra, planetu non revocanda meo;

and in Quarles,

Behold thy darling, which thy lustful care  
Pampers, for which thy restless thoughts prepare  
Such early cares. . . .

Quarles's two other works of the same kind, the 'School of the Heart' and 'Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man,' are poor imitations as to the plates, though Quarles is himself in the poetical part.

Athenaeum.

In compliance with the wish of Prof. Child, of Harvard, that some ballads from manuscripts be included in the first year's issue of the Ballad Society, Mr. Furnivall will edit this year the first part of a volume of 'Ballads from Manuscripts.' This part will consist chiefly, if not wholly, of political ballads of Henry the Eighth's time; and, as they do not bear out Mr. Froude's favourable estimate of the social condition of England at that period, some evidence on the point will be collected by the editor. One very curious paper, pointed out by Prof. Brewer, will be printed—the proceedings in a trial to establish a Duchess's right to the services of two of her bondmen, in 1527.

Athenaeum.

## XIII.

THE next day Madame Thérèse began to busy herself with household cares; she went to the wardrobes, unfolded the table-cloths, the napkins, the shirts, and even the old, yellow linen which had been heaped up there ever since the time of grandmamma Lehnel. She put on one side what could still be mended, while Lisbeth prepared the great hogshead full of ashes in the laundry. It was necessary to boil the water till midnight for the great lye washing. And the following days it was no small affair, when the business was to whiten, to dry, and to mend all this.

Madame Thérèse had not her equal in needlework. This woman who had been thought only fit to pour out glasses of brandy, and to wander round upon a cart behind a parcel of *sans culottes*, knew more about domestic affairs than any gossip of Anstatt. She even brought among us the art of embroidering girdles and of marking fine linen with red letters, a thing completely unknown till then in the mountains, and which proves how greatly revolutions advance intelligence.

More than this, Madame Thérèse assisted Lisbeth in the kitchen without troubling her, knowing that old domestics cannot bear to be interfered with.

The old servant sometimes said to her,—

“Just see, Madame Thérèse, how ideas change; in the early times I could not endure you on account of your Republic, and now if you were to go I think the whole house would go to ruin, and that we could not live without you.”

“Ah!” she replied to her, smiling; “that is quite simple; every one holds to his own habits; you did not know me. I inspired you with distrust; any one in your place would have felt the same.”

Then she added softly,—

“I must however go away, Lisbeth. My place is not here; other cares call me elsewhere.”

She was always thinking of her battalion, and Lisbeth exclaimed,—

“Bah! you will remain with us; you cannot leave us now. You know you are very much thought of in the village, and that all the good people respect you. Give up your *sans culottes*; it is not fit for a respectable person to expose herself to balls or to other ill strokes in following after soldiers. We cannot let you go!”

Then she shook her head, and it might be plainly seen that some day she would say,—“To-day I am going,” and that nothing could hold her back.

On the other hand, discussions about war and peace were always going on, and it was Uncle Jacob who began them. Every morning he came down to convert Madame Thérèse, saying that peace ought to reign upon the earth, that in the early times peace had been established by God himself, not only among men but also among animals; that all religions recommended peace, that all sufferings were from war,—pestilence, murder, pillage, burnings; that a chief at the head of a state was necessary to maintain order, and consequently that there must be nobles to support this chief; that these things had existed in all times, among the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans; that the Republic of Rome had understood this, that the consuls and dictators were a kind of kings, supported by noble senators, these being supported by noble knights who also were raised above the people; that such was the natural order, and that it could not be changed but to the detriment of the poorest themselves, for, said he, in the confusion the poor would no longer find means to earn their living, and would perish like the leaves in autumn when they are detached from the branches which carried the sap to them.

He said many things not less strong, beside; but Madame Thérèse always found good answers, maintaining that men have equal rights by the will of God; that rank should depend on merit and not on birth; that wise laws equal for all should alone establish equitable distinctions among the citizens, by approving the actions of some and condemning those of others; that it is shameful and miserable to bestow honours and authority on those who do not deserve them; that it is to debase both authority and honour itself to cause them to be represented by unworthy persons; and that it is to destroy in all hearts the sentiment of justice by showing that this justice does not exist, since everything depends on the accident of birth; that to establish such a state of things men must be brutalised, for intelligent beings would not endure it; that such brutalising is contrary to the laws of the Eternal; that those who wish to produce it for their own profit must be combated by every means, even by war,—the most terrible of all, it is true, but the guilt of which falls on the heads of those who provoke it by wishing to establish eternal iniquity!

Every time that my uncle heard these answers he became grave. If he had to make a jaunt upon the mountain he mounted his horse seriously, and all day he was seeking for new and stronger arguments to convince Madame Thérèse. In

the evening he returned home more cheerful, with arguments that he believed irresistible, but his belief did not last long; for this simple woman, instead of speaking of the Greeks and the Egyptians, looked straight at the reality of things, and overthrew my uncle's historical arguments by her good sense.

Notwithstanding all this, Uncle Jacob was not displeased; on the contrary, he exclaimed, with a look of admiration, —

“ What a woman you are, Madame Thérèse ! Without having studied logic you reply to everything. I really wish I could see the look which the editor of the *Zeitung* would have in a discussion with you; I am sure you would embarrass him, notwithstanding his great learning and even his good cause; for the good cause is on our side, only I defend it poorly.”

Then they both laughed, and Madame Thérèse said, —

“ You defend peace very well; I am of your opinion; only, in the first place, let us endeavour to disembarass ourselves of those who prefer war, and in order to disembarass ourselves of them let us make it better than they. You and I should very soon agree, for we are sincere, and we desire justice; but as for the others, they must be converted by cannon-balls, for that is the only voice they hear, and the only argument they understand.”

My uncle said nothing more at that time, and what surprised me very much, he even seemed pleased at having been beaten.

Next to these great political discussions, what pleased my uncle best was to find me on his return from his rides engaged in taking my French lesson, Madame Thérèse sitting with her arm round me, and I standing bent over the book. Then he would come in very softly, so as not to disturb us, and seat himself in silence behind the stove, stretching out his legs and listening with a sort of delight; sometimes he waited for half an hour before he took off his boots and put on his dressing-gown, he was so afraid of distracting my attention; and when the lesson was finished, he would say, —

“ Very well, Fritzel, very well ! you are getting a taste for that beautiful language now that Madame Thérèse explains it to you so well ! What a happiness for you to have such a teacher ! You will know that by-and-by.”

He embraced me, much moved; what Madame Thérèse did for me he valued much more than what she did for himself.

I ought also to acknowledge that this excellent woman never wearied me one instant during the lessons; if she observed

my attention relax, she would immediately relate little stories to me, which roused me; above all, she had a certain Republican catechism, full of noble and touching stories, incidents of heroic actions and of fine sentiments, the remembrance of which will never be effaced from my memory.

Things went on thus for several days. The mole-catcher and Kofel came every evening as was their custom; Madame Thérèse was completely restored to health; and it seemed as if this should last until the end of the world, when an extraordinary event occurred to disturb our quiet and to impel Uncle Jacob to the boldest enterprises.

#### XIV.

ONE morning Uncle Jacob was intently reading the Republican catechism behind the stove, Madame Thérèse was sewing near the window, and I was waiting for a fortunate moment to escape with Scipio.

Outside the house our neighbour Spick was cutting wood; no other sound was heard from the village.

What my uncle was reading seemed to interest him very much; every now and then he looked up at us, saying, —

“ These Republicans have some good things about them; they look at men broadly, their principles elevate the soul. This is truly fine ! I understand why the young should adopt their opinions, for all young persons of sound body and mind love virtue; only those beings who are decrepid before their time through selfishness and bad passions can accept opposite principles. What a pity that such people continually have recourse to violence ! ”

Then Madame Thérèse smiled, and my uncle began to read again. This lasted for about half an hour; and Lisbeth, having swept the entrance to the house, had gone to do her part of the gossiping with the old woman Roesel, as usual, when a man on horseback suddenly stopped before our door. He wore a large cloak of blue cloth and a lambskin cap; his nose was flat, and his beard grey.

My uncle had just put his book down; we all looked at this unknown person through the window.

“ He has come to call you to some one who is ill, monsieur doctor,” said Madame Thérèse.

My uncle did not reply.

The man, after having fastened his horse to a post of the shed, came into the alley.

“ Monsieur Doctor Jacob ? ” said he, as he opened the door.

“ I am Doctor Jacob, monsieur.”

"Here is a letter from Doctor Feuerbach of Kaiserslautern."

"Be pleased to sit down, sir."

The man remained standing.

My uncle upon reading the letter became quite pale, and for a minute he appeared troubled, looking at Madame Thérèse with an expression of uncertainty.

"I am to take back the answer, if there is any," said the man.

"You may say to Feuerbach that I thank him. That is all the answer."

Then without adding anything, he went out bareheaded, with the messenger, whom we saw go off down the street, leading his horse by the bridle, toward the inn of the Crock of Gold. He was going, no doubt, to take some refreshment before setting out again. We also saw my uncle pass before the window and go into the shed. Madame Thérèse appeared uneasy at this.

"Fritz," said she, "go take his cap to your uncle."

I went out immediately, and I saw him walking to and fro in front of the barn; he was still holding the letter, not having thought of putting it in his pocket. Spick was looking at him from his door with an odd expression, his hands crossed upon his axe; two or three other neighbours were also looking from their windows.

Out of doors it was very cold, and I went in again. Madame Thérèse had put down her work and was sitting sunk in thought, with her elbow on the sill of the window, and I seated myself behind the stove without any desire to go out again.

These things I always recollect during my childhood, but what followed produced upon me for a long time the effect of a dream, for I could not understand it; and it was only as I grew up and thought it over that I got at its true meaning.

I distinctly recall that my uncle came in some moments afterward, saying that men were scoundrels, creatures who only sought to injure each other; that he sat down inside the little window not far from the door and began to read aloud the letter from his friend Feuerbach, while Madame Thérèse, listening, stood on the left upright and calm, in her little jacket with the double row of buttons, her hair coiled above her neck.

All this I see, and I also see Scipio in the middle of the room, with his nose in the air, and his trumpet-like tail. The letter being written in Saxon German, all I could understand of it was that Uncle Jacob had been denounced as a Jacobin, at whose house the ragamuffins of the country assembled to celebrate the Revolution; that Madame Thérèse was also denounced as a dan-

gerous woman, regretted by the Republicans on account of her extraordinary boldness, and that a Prussian officer, accompanied by a good escort, was to come to arrest her the next day and conduct her to Mayence with other prisoners.

I recollect also that Feuerbach advised my uncle to conduct himself with great prudence, because the Prussians since their victory at Kaiserslautern were masters of the country and were conveying away all the dangerous characters, sending some of them even into Poland, two hundred leagues distant, into the depths of the marshes, in order to set a good example to the rest.

But what appeared unaccountable to me was the degree to which the indignation of Uncle Jacob, a man generally so calm, so great a lover of peace, was roused by the advice and counsels of his old comrade. That day our little peaceful room was the theatre of a terrible storm, and I doubt whether since the day of its foundation, it had seen anything similar. My uncle accused Feuerbach of being a selfish person, ready to bow his head beneath the arrogance of the Prussians, who dealt with the Palatinate and Hündsdruck as conquered countries; he declared that laws existed in Mayence, in Trèves, and in Spires as well as in France, that Madame Thérèse had been left for dead by the Austrians, that they had no right to reclaim persons and things once abandoned; that she was free, that he would not suffer them to put a hand upon her; that he would protest; that the lawyer Pfeffel of Heidelberg was his friend; that he would write, that he would defend himself, that he would move heaven and earth, that it should be seen whether Jacob Wagner would allow himself to be dealt with after that fashion; that men should be astonished at what a peaceable man was capable of doing for the sake of justice and right. While talking in this manner he went striding up and down the room. His hair was all in disorder; he mixed up all the old laws which came into his head and recited them in Latin. He also repeated certain sentences which he had just been reading about the rights of man, and from time to time he stopped, stamping his foot to the ground with force, and exclaiming, —

"I rest upon fundamental right, upon the solid basis of our ancient charters. Let the Prussians come! Let them come! This woman is mine. I picked her up and saved her. Anything abandoned, *res derelicta, est res publica, res vulgata.*"

I do not know where he had learned all this; perhaps at the university of Heidel-

berg, by hearing the discussions of his comrades. But now all these old maxims ran through his head, and he seemed to be answering ten people who were attacking him.

Madame Thérèse, meanwhile, was calm; her long, thin face was thoughtful; the citations of my uncle, no doubt, astonished her; but seeing things clearly, as usual, she understood her true position. It was only at the end of a long half hour, when my uncle opened his secretary and seated himself to write to the lawyer Pfeffel, that she put her hand gently upon his shoulder, and said to him with emotion, —

“ Do not write, monsieur Jacob; it is useless. Before your letter could arrive I shall already be far off.”

My uncle looked up at her quite pale.

“ Do you then wish to go?” said he, his lips trembling.

“ I am a prisoner,” she said; “ I knew that; my only hope was that the Republicans would return to the charge, and that they would deliver me by marching upon Landau; but since it has turned out otherwise, I must go.”

“ You wish to go?” repeated my uncle in a despairing tone.

“ Yes, monsieur doctor, I wish to go that you may be spared great vexations; you are too good, too generous, to comprehend the hard laws of war; you see only justice. But in time of war, justice is nothing; force is everything. The Prussians are the conquerors; they come, they take me away, because such are their orders. Soldiers know only their orders. Law, life, honour, the rights of man, are nothing; their orders are everything.”

My uncle, leaning back in the arm-chair, his large eyes full of tears, knew not what to answer; he only took Madame Thérèse’s hand and pressed it with extraordinary emotion; then rising, his face much agitated, he began again to walk, devoting the oppressors of the human race to the execration of future ages, cursing Richter and all scoundrels of his species, and declaring in a voice of thunder that the Republicans were right to defend themselves; that their cause was just, that he now saw it plainly, that all the old laws, the old rubbish of prescripts and regulations and charters of all kinds, had only profited the nobles and the monks against the poor and the weak; that all these things ought to be abolished from top to bottom; that the reign of courage and of virtue alone should triumph. At length, calming himself a little, he proposed to Madame Thérèse to take her in his sleigh and to carry her to the upper part

of the mountain to the house of a woodcutter, one of his friends, where she would be in safety; he stretched out his hands to her and said, —

“ Let us set out, — let us go there; you will be very well off with old Gangloff. He is utterly devoted to me. I saved his life, his and his son’s. They will conceal you. The Prussians will not go to seek you in the gorges of the Lauterfelz.”

But Madame Thérèse refused, saying that if the Prussians did not find her at Anstatt, they would arrest my uncle in her place, and that she would rather run the risk of perishing from fatigue and cold upon the high road than expose to such a misfortune the man who had saved her from among the dead.

She said this in a very firm voice, but my uncle paid no attention to such reasons. I remember what disturbed him the most was the thought of seeing Madame Thérèse go off under the guard of barbarous men, savages from the depths of Pomerania. He could not endure it, and exclaimed, —

“ You are weak; you are still far from well. These Prussians respect nothing; they are full of boasting and of brutality. You do not know how they treat their prisoners. I have seen it myself, — it is a disgrace to my country. I should have been glad to conceal it, but now I am forced to acknowledge it; it is frightful.”

“ That is true, monsieur Jacob,” replied she. “ I learned of it from some old prisoners of my battalion; we shall march two and two, four and four, sad, sometimes without bread, often treated brutally, and hurried along by the escort. But your country-people are kind, they are good people, they have compassion, and the French are cheerful. Monsieur doctor, it is only the march which will be painful, and then I shall find ten, twenty of my comrades to carry my little bundle. Frenchmen have consideration for women. I see beforehand,” said she, with a melancholy smile, “ that one of us will march in front, singing an old air of Auvergne to mark the step, or perhaps a gayer air of Provence to brighten your grey sky; we shall not be so unhappy as you think, monsieur Jacob.”

She spoke thus, gently, her voice trembling a little, and as she was speaking, I saw her, with her little bundle, in the ranks of the prisoners, and my heart was rent. Oh! then I felt how much we loved her, and what pain it gave us to be obliged to part with her, for all at once, I caught myself bursting into tears, while my uncle, sitting before his secretary, both his hands over his face, remained silent; but with big

tears flowing slowly down along his wrist. Madame Thérèse, seeing these things, could not prevent herself from sobbing ; she gently took me in her arms, and gave me many kisses, saying to me, —

“ Do not cry, Fritzel, do not cry so. You will think of me sometimes, will you not ? I shall never forget you.”

Scipio only remained calm, walking round the stove, and looking at us without comprehending anything about our trouble.

It was only toward ten o’clock, when we heard Lisbeth light the fire in the kitchen, that we regained a little calmness.

Then my uncle, blowing his nose violently, said, —

“ Madame Thérèse, you shall go, since you positively desire to go ; but it is impossible for me to consent that these Prussians should come here to seize you like a thief and take you off through the midst of the whole village. If one of those brutes were to address a hard or an insolent word to you, I should forget myself, for now my patience is at an end. I feel it, I should be capable of going to some great extremity. Permit me, then, to take you myself to Kaiserslautern before these people come. We will set out in the early morning, at four or five o’clock, in my sleigh ; we will take the cross roads and by noon, at the latest, we will be down there. Will you consent to this ? ”

“ Oh ! monsieur Jacob, how can I refuse this last mark of your affection ? ” said she, greatly moved. “ I accept it with gratitude.”

“ It shall be done in this way, then,” said my uncle, gravely. “ And now let us dry our tears and banish these bitter thoughts as much as possible, that we may notadden too much the last moments we are to spend together.”

He came to embrace me, brushed the hair from my forehead, and said, —

“ Fritzel, you are a good child ; you have an excellent heart ! Remember that your Uncle Jacob has been pleased with you to-day ; it is a happiness to say to one’s self that we have given satisfaction to those who love us ! ”

#### XV.

FROM that moment tranquillity was established among us. Each of us was thinking of the departure of Madame Thérèse ; of the great blank it would make in our house ; of the sadness for weeks and months which would succeed the pleasant evenings we had passed together, of the regret of the mole-catcher, of Koffel, and of old Schmidt, on

learning this bad news ; and the longer we thought, the more causes we found for sorrow.

But what seemed to me the bitterest thing of all was to lose my friend Scipio. I did not dare say so, but as I thought of his going away, and that I could no longer walk with him in the village in the midst of universal admiration, that I should no more have the delight of seeing him go through the drill, and that I should have to walk alone as of old, with my hands in my pockets and my cotton cap drawn over my ears, without honour and without glory, — such a catastrophe seemed to me the height of desolation. And what completed the bitter draught was that Scipio, grave and pensive, had come to seat himself before me, looking at me through his thick frizzled eyebrows, with as troubled an expression as if he had understood that we must be parted forever and ever. Oh ! when I think of these things, even at this day, I wonder that my thick light curls did not turn quite grey from the effect of these distressing thoughts. I could not even cry, my grief was so bitter. I sat looking up to the ceiling, my thick lips pouting, and my hands clasped around one knee. My uncle was walking back and forth ; now and then he gave a low cough and quickened his steps.

Madame Thérèse, always active, had, in spite of her sadness and her red eyes, opened the wardrobe of old linen and was cutting out from some thick cloth a kind of bag with two straps to put her things in for the journey. We heard the scissors click upon the table ; she fitted the pieces with her usual adroitness. At last, when all was ready, she drew from her pocket a needle and thread, sat down, put on her thimble, and from that moment nothing was to be seen but her hand going and coming like a flash.

All this was done in the most perfect silence ; we heard only the heavy tread of my uncle on the floor, and the measured ticking of our old clock, which neither our joys or our distresses could advance or delay for one second.

Lisbeth having come toward noon to lay the cloth, my uncle stopped and said to her, —

“ You must cook a small ham for to-morrow morning ; Madame Thérèse is going away.”

And as the old servant looked at him, quite shocked, — “ The Prussians claim her,” he said in a hoarse voice ; “ they have strength on their side ; it is necessary to obey.”

Then Lisbeth put down the plates on the

side of the table, and looking at us one after the other, she pushed back her cap, as if this news had deranged her; then she said,—

“ Madame Thérèse going away? it is not possible. I will never believe that.”

“ It must be, my poor Lisbeth,” replied Madame Thérèse sadly; “ it must be; I am a prisoner, and they are coming to get me.”

“ The Prussians?”

“ Yes, the Prussians.”

Then the old woman, who was choking with indignation, said,—“ I always thought these Prussians were no great things, packs of scoundrels, real bandits! To come to attack an honest woman! If men had a pennyweight of courage, would they suffer this to be?”

“ And what would you do?” asked my uncle, whose face became animated again, for the indignation of the old woman gave him internal pleasure.

“ I would load my horse-pistols,” exclaimed Lisbeth; “ I would say to them out of the window, Keep off, you robbers! Beware how you come in! And the first who passed the door should be laid out stiff! Oh, the scoundrels!”

“ Yes, yes,” said my uncle; “ that is the way such people ought to be received; but we are not so strong as they.”

Then he began to walk again, and Lisbeth, really trembling, put on the dishes.

Madame Thérèse said nothing.

The table being set, we took our dinner very soberly. Toward the end of it my uncle went to get a bottle of old Burgundy from the cellar, and on returning he said, sadly,—

“ Let us cheer our hearts a little, and fortify ourselves against these great sorrows which oppress us. Before your departure, Madame Thérèse, let this old wine, which restored your strength and which enlivened us on a day of happiness, shine again among us like a ray of the sun and dissipate for a few minutes the clouds which surround us.”

It was only at the moment when he spoke thus that we felt our courage revive a little.

But some minutes afterward, when addressing Lisbeth, he told her to get a glass, to touch glasses with Madame Thérèse, and the poor old woman burst into tears, her apron over her face; then our firmness vanished and we began to sob all together.

“ Yes, yes,” said my uncle; “ we have been happy together; this is human history,—the moments of happiness pass quickly; grief endures for a very long period. He

who regards us from on high knows, however, that we do not deserve to suffer thus; that wicked beings have distressed us; but He knows also that power, true power is in His hand, and that He can make us happy as soon as He wills it. For this reason He permits these iniquities, for He knows there will be separation. Let us then be calm and let us trust in Him. To the health of Madame Thérèse!”

And we all drank, our cheeks covered with tears.

Lisbeth, on hearing the power of God spoken of, had calmed herself a little; for she had pious sentiments, and she thought that things must be as they were for the greatest good of all in eternal life. But she continued no less to curse the Prussians from the bottom of her soul, and all those who resembled them.

After dinner my uncle specially charged the old servant not to spread the report of these events in the village; for otherwise, Richter and all the low people of Anstatt would be there early the next morning to see Madame Thérèse's departure and to enjoy our humiliation. She understood it very well, and promised that she would restrain her tongue. Then my uncle went to see the mole-catcher.

All that afternoon I did not leave the house. Madame Thérèse continued her preparations for her departure. Lisbeth assisted her and wanted to stuff a crowd of useless things into her bag, saying that everything was needed on a journey; that one was pleased to find what they had put in a corner; that having one day gone to Pirmasens she had much regretted her comb and her plaited ribbons.

Madame Thérèse smiled.

“ No, Lisbeth,” said she, “ only remember that I shall not travel in a carriage, and that all this will be upon my back; three good chemises, three handkerchiefs, two pairs of shoes, and several pairs of stockings, will be sufficient. At all the halts, when we stop for an hour or two near some spring, we have a wash. You do not know about the soldiers' washing. Heavens! how many times have I done it! We French people like to be neat, and we always are so with our little bundles.”

She seemed cheerful, only now and then, when she spoke some kindly words to Scipio, her voice became quite sad, I did not know why; but I knew afterward, when my uncle returned.

The day passed on; about four o'clock it began to grow dark, and now everything was ready; the bag holding all Madame Thérèse's things hung upon the wall. She

sat down at the corner of the stove, drawing me upon her knees in silence. Lisbeth went back into the kitchen to prepare supper, and from that time no word was exchanged; the poor woman no doubt was thinking of the future which awaited her upon the road to Mayence in the midst of her companions in misfortune. She said nothing; I felt her gentle breathing on my cheek.

This continued for half an hour, and night had come, when my uncle opened the door, asking, —

“Are you there, Madame Thérèse?”

“Yes, monsieur doctor.”

“Very good. I have seen my patients, I have told Koffel, the mole-catcher, and old Schmidt; all is right; they will be here this evening to receive your adieux.”

His voice had become firm. He went himself to get a light from the kitchen, and when he saw us together when he came back he seemed to be much pleased.

“Fritz is a good boy,” said he. “He is going to lose your good lessons now; but I hope he will practice reading French by himself, and that he will always remember that a man’s worth is in proportion to his knowledge. I depend upon that.”

Then Madame Thérèse made him look at her little parcel in detail; she smiled, and my uncle said, —

“What happy characteristics the French have! under the greatest misfortunes they preserve a fund of natural gayety; their distresses never last many days. I call this a gift from God. It is the most delightful, the most desirable of all.”

But of that day, — the remembrance of which will never be effaced from my mind, because it was the first on which I saw the sadness of those I loved, — of all that day, the incident that touched me the deepest, was when, a few minutes before supper, Madame Thérèse, who was tranquilly seated behind the stove, with Scipio’s head on her knees, and was looking toward the back part of the obscure room with a thoughtful air, all at once said, —

“Monsieur doctor, I owe you many things, and yet I must make one more request of you.”

“What now, Madame Thérèse?”

“It is that you will keep my poor Scipio with you, — keep him in remembrance of me. Let him be Fritz’s companion as he has been mine, and let him not have to bear the new trials of my life as a prisoner.”

As she said this I felt my heart swell, and I trembled with happiness and tenderness even to the depths of my soul. I was squatting upon my little low chair, in front

of the stove; I took my Scipio, I drew him toward me, I plunged my great red hands into his thick fleece; a perfect deluge of tears inundated my cheeks. It seemed to me that all the good things of earth and of heaven, which I had lost, were restored to me.

My uncle looked at me much surprised; he no doubt comprehended what I had suffered in thinking that I must be separated from Scipio, for instead of making any remark upon the sacrifice she imposed upon herself, he simply said, —

“I accept, Madame Thérèse; I accept for Fritz, that he may remember how much you have loved him, that he may always recollect that in the greatest trouble you left him, as a mark of your affection, a good, faithful creature, not only your own companion, but also that of little Jean, your brother; may he never forget it, and may he love you also.”

Then, speaking to me, —

“Fritz,” said he, “will you not thank Madame Thérèse?”

Then I rose, and unable to speak one word because of my sobs, I went to throw myself into the arms of that excellent woman, and I quitted her no more. I stood close to her, my arm over her shoulder, seeing Scipio at my feet through my big tears, and touching him with the ends of my fingers with a feeling of inexpressible pleasure.

It took some time to quiet me. Madame Thérèse, embracing me, said, —

“This child has a good heart, — he attaches himself readily. That is good,” which again redoubled my tears. She brushed my hair from my forehead, and seemed moved.

After supper, Koffel, the mole-catcher, and old Schmidt came in gravely, their caps under their arms. They expressed to Madame Thérèse their regret at seeing her about to go, and their indignation toward the scoundrel Richter, whom every one suspected of being the informer, for he only was capable of such a part.

We were seated around the stove; Madame Thérèse seemed touched by the sorrow of these good people; but yet her firm, decided character did not fail her.

“Listen, my friends,” she said; “if the world were strown with roses, and if we everywhere found warm-hearted people to celebrate law and justice, what merit should we have in maintaining these principles? Frankly, it would not be worth while to live. It is our fortune to exist at a time when great deeds are done, when liberty is fought

for. We shall, at least, be spoken of, and our existence will not have been useless; all our miseries, all our sufferings, all our blood poured out, will form a sublime spectacle for future generations; mean spirits will tremble at the thought that they might have stood in our path and that we should have swept them away; and great souls will regret not to have taken part in our labours. This is the truth of things. Do not pity me, then; I am proud, I am happy, to suffer for France, who represents to the world liberty, justice, and right. You think, perhaps, that we are beaten; that is a mistake. We retreated one step yesterday, we will go forward twenty tomorrow. And if, unhappily, some day France no longer represents this great cause which we defend, other peoples will take our place and will continue our work; for justice and liberty are immortal, and all the despots of the world can never succeed in destroying them. As to myself, I shall go to Mayence and perhaps to Prussia escorted by the soldiers of Brunswick; but remember what I say to you: the Republicans are yet only at their first halting-place, and I am sure that before the end of this next year they will come to deliver me."

Thus spoke this intrepid woman, smiling, and with flashing eyes. It was easy to see that suffering was as nothing to her, and every one thought, — "If such are the Republican women, what then must the men be?"

Koffel turned pale with pleasure as he heard her speak; the mole-catcher winked at my uncle and said to him in a very low voice, —

"I have known all this for a long time; it is written in my book. These things must come to pass, — it is written!"

Old Schmidt, having asked permission to light his pipe, sent forth great whiffs one after another, and muttered between his teeth, —

"What a pity I'm not twenty years old! I would go to serve with these people, that would have suited me. What would have hindered me from becoming a great general as well as anybody? What a pity!"

At last, upon the stroke of nine, my uncle said, —

"It grows late; we must start before day. I think we should do well to go to take a short rest."

And every one rose with a sort of emotion. They embraced each other like old acquaintances, promising never to forget each other. Koffel and Schmidt went out first; my uncle and the mole-catcher talked

together for an instant in a low tone on the threshold of the house. It was splendid moonlight; everything was white upon the earth; the sky, of a dark blue, swarmed with stars. Madame Thérèse, Scipio, and I went out to contemplate this magnificent spectacle which manifests the pettiness and vanity of human affairs, and which overwhelms the soul by its illimitable grandeur.

Then the mole-catcher went away, again pressing my uncle's hand; we saw him walk through the deserted street, as plainly as if it were mid-day. At last he disappeared at the corner of Nettle lane, and the cold being very sharp we all went in, bidding each other good-night.

My uncle on the threshold of my chamber embraced me, and pressing me to his heart said in a peculiar tone, —

"Fritz, take pains; take pains and behave well, my dear child!"

He went to his own room full of emotion.

I thought only of the happiness of keeping Scipio. Once in my chamber I made him lie down at my feet between the warm coverlet and the wood of the bedstead, his head between his paws. I felt his sides gently expand at each respiration, and I would not have changed my fortune with that of the emperor of Germany.

Until past ten o'clock it was impossible for me to sleep, thinking of my felicity. My uncle moved about in his room. I heard him open his secretary, then make a fire in the stove in his chamber for the first time that winter. I thought he was preparing to sit up all night, and at last I fell soundly asleep.

## xvi.

THE church clock was striking nine when I was awakened by the clang of iron in front of our house. Horses were stamping on the hard ground; people were talking at our door.

I at once thought that the Prussians had come to take Madame Thérèse, and I hoped with all my heart that Uncle Jacob had not slept as long as I had. Two minutes afterward I went down-stairs, and I saw at the end of the passage five or six hussars wrapped up in their pelisses, their large sabretaches hanging down quite below their stirrups, and their sabres in their hands. The officer, a small, thin, fair man, with hollow ruddy cheeks and with thick tawny red moustaches, was sitting upon a great black horse at the entrance of the alley, while Lisbeth, broom in hand, was answering his questions half out of her wits with terror.

Beyond was a circle of people open-mouthed, leaning forward one upon another,

in order to hear. In the first row I remarked the mole-catcher, his hands in his pockets, and Monsieur Richter, who was smiling, and showing his teeth like a jubilant old fox. He had come to enjoy the confusion of my uncle.

"So your master and the prisoner went away together this morning?" said the officer.

"Yes, monsieur Commandant," replied Lisbeth.

"At what time?"

"Between five and six o'clock, monsieur Commandant; it was still dark; I hitched the lantern myself on to the pole of the sleigh."

"Had you then received notice of our coming?" said the officer, darting at her a piercing glance.

Lisbeth looked at the mole-catcher, who came out from the circle and replied for her without any embarrassment.

"Saving your presence, I saw the doctor last evening; he is one of my friends. That poor old woman knows nothing. For a long time the doctor has been weary of the Frenchwoman. He wanted to get rid of her, and when he saw that she could bear the journey he took advantage of the first moment."

"How is it then that we did not meet them on the road?" exclaimed the Prussian, looking at the mole-catcher from head to foot.

"Ah! you must have taken the valley road; while the doctor must have gone by the Waldeck and the mountains; there is more than one road to Kaiserslautern."

The officer, without replying, jumped from his horse, went into our room, pushed open the kitchen door, made a pretense of looking to right and left; then he came out, and said as he got again into his saddle,—

"Well, our business here is done; the rest does not concern us."

He went toward the Crock of Gold; his men followed him, and the crowd dispersed, talking of these extraordinary events. Richter seemed puzzled and somewhat indignant. Spick observed us with a doubtful eye. They went up the steps of the inn together; and then Scipio, who had been sitting on the stairs, came out barking with all his might.

The hussars refreshed themselves at the Crock of Gold, then we saw them pass again in front of our house upon the road to Kaiserslautern, and after that we heard nothing more of them.

Lisbeth and I thought my uncle would

return at night, but when the whole day passed by, then the next day, and the day after that, without our even receiving a letter, our anxiety may be imagined.

Scipio went up and down in the house, putting his nose at the bottom of the door from morning to night, calling Madame Thérèse, sniffing and crying in a lamentable tone. His distress affected us; a thousand ideas of misfortunes passed through our minds.

The mole-catcher came to see us every evening, and said to us,—

"Bah! all this is nothing; the doctor wanted to recommend Madame Thérèse; he could not let her go with the prisoners; there would have been no sense in that. He may have asked an audience of Field-marshall Brunswick to endeavour to get admittance for her to the hospital at Kaiserslautern. All these steps take time. Be tranquil; he will come back."

These words reassured us a little; for the mole-catcher seemed quite easy as he sat smoking his pipe at the corner of the stove, with his legs outstretched and a look of thought on his face.

As ill luck would have it, the forest-ranger, Roedig, who lived in the woods on the road to Pirmasens, where the French then were, came to bring a report to the mayoralty of Anstatt, and having stopped a few minutes at Spick's tavern, he said that three days before, about eight o'clock in the morning, Uncle Jacob had passed the forester's house, and had indeed stopped there with Madame Thérèse that they might warm themselves and to drink a glass of wine. He said also that my uncle appeared very gay, and that he had two long horse-pistols in the pocket of his great-coat.

Then the report spread that Doctor Jacob, instead of going to Kaiserslautern, had carried the prisoner to the Republicans, and this made a great scandal; Richter and Spick said everywhere that he deserved to be shot, that it was an abominable outrage, and that his property ought to be confiscated.

The mole-catcher and Koffel replied that the doctor had doubtless missed his road on account of the heavy snows; that instead of turning to the right he had gone to the left on the mountain; but then everybody knew that Uncle Jacob was as well acquainted with the country as a smuggler, and the indignation increased from day to day.

I could not go out without hearing my comrades say that Uncle Jacob was a Jacobin; I was obliged to fight to defend him,

and in spite of Scipio's assistance, I returned home more than once with a black eye.

Lisbeth was especially distressed by the talk of confiscation.

"What a misfortune," she said, clasping her hands,—"what a misfortune at my age to be obliged to pack up my bundle and leave a house where I have spent half my life!"

It was very sad. The mole-catcher only preserved his tranquillity.

"You are very silly to worry yourselves," said he. "I tell you again that Doctor Jacob is well, and that there will be no confiscation. Keep yourselves easy, eat well, sleep well, and I answer for the rest."

He winked with a sly look, and always ended by saying,—

"My book tells of these things. They are being fulfilled now, and all is going on well."

In spite of these assurances everything went from bad to worse, and the rabble of the village, excited by that scoundrel Richter, began to make outcries under our windows, when one fine morning good order suddenly returned. Toward evening the mole-catcher came in with a smiling mien, and took his usual place, saying to Lisbeth, who was spinning,—

"Well, they are making no more outcries; they no longer want to confiscate; they are keeping very quiet, ha! ha! ha!"

He said no more, but in the night we heard carts passing in crowds, and people marching in great numbers through the high street; it was worse than the arrival of the Republicans, for no one stopped; they went on, on, continually.

I could not sleep a wink. Scipio was growling every minute. At dawn, when I looked out of the window, I saw half a score of large wagons loaded with wounded men going jolting by. They were Prussians. Then came two or three cannon, then a hundred hussars, cuirassiers, dragoons, pell-mell, in great disorder; then dismounted horsemen, their portmanteaux on their shoulders, covered with mud up to their hips. All these men seemed worn out, but they did not stop; they did not go into the houses, but marched as if the devil were on their track. The people at their doors watched this with a dejected air.

Looking up the ascent of Birkenwald, we saw the file of carriages, ammunition wagons, cavalry, and infantry, extending far beyond the wood.

It was the army of Fieldmarshal Brunswick retreating after the battle of Freschwiller, as we afterward learned; it had

passed through the village in a single night. This took place on the 28th and the 29th of December, and, if I remember rightly, it was early the next day when the mole-catcher and Koffel came in very joyful; they had a letter from Uncle Jacob, and the mole-catcher, showing it to us with a laugh, said,—

"All goes well, all goes well! the reign of justice and equality begins. Listen now!"

He sat down at our table with his elbows squared. I was close to him, and I read looking over his shoulder; Lisbeth, quite pale, stood behind listening, and Koffel standing against the old wardrobe, smiled as he stroked his chin. They had already read the letter two or three times; the mole-catcher knew it almost by heart.

Then he read what follows, stopping sometimes to look at us with an air of delight.

WISSEMBOURG, 8 Nivose, the 11. year  
of the French Republic.

"To the citizens the mole-catcher and Koffel, to the citizeness Lisbeth, to the little citizen Fritzel, health and fraternity!"

"The citizeness Thérèse and I, in the first place, wish you joy, concord, and prosperity. We write these lines to you from Wissembourg, in the midst of the triumphs of war. We have driven the Prussians from Freschwiller, and we have fallen upon the Austrians at Geisberg like a thunderbolt.

"Thus pride and presumption receive their reward; when people will not listen to good reasons, better ones must be given to them; but it is dreadful to come to such extremities; yes, it is dreadful!"

"My dear friends, for a long time I groaned within myself at the blindness of those who direct the destiny of old Germany; I deplored their spirit of injustice, their selfishness; I asked myself if my duty as an honest man was not to break away from these proud beings and to adopt the principles of justice, equality, and fraternity proclaimed by the French Revolution. All this threw me into great perturbation, for a man clings to the ideas he has received from his fathers, and such internal revolutions are not accomplished without anguish. I was still hesitating, but when the Prussians, contrary to the law of nations, claimed the unhappy prisoner whom I had sheltered, I could bear it no longer. Instead of taking Madame Thérèse to Kaiserslautern, I at once resolved to carry her to Pirmasens, a thing which I accomplished with the aid of God.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon we came in sight of the advance guard, and as Madame Thérèse was looking forward, she heard the drum, and exclaimed, — 'These are the French, monsieur doctor; you have deceived me!' She threw herself into my arms, bursting into tears, and I began to weep myself, so deeply was I moved!

"All along the way from the Three Houses, quite to the square of the New Temple, the soldiers cried out, — 'There is citizeness Thérèse!' They followed us, and when we had to get out of the sleigh several of them embraced me with much feeling. Others pressed my hands; in fine, they loaded me with honours.

"I will not speak to you, my dear friends, of the meeting of Madame Thérèse and little Jean; such things are not to be described. All the oldest soldiers of the battalion, and even the Commandant Duchesne, who is not soft-hearted, turned their heads aside that they might not show their tears. Little Jean is a fine boy; he is very like my little Fritz, so that I love him much.

"The general having learned that a physician of Anstatt had brought back the citizeness Thérèse to the first battalion of the second brigade, I received an order about eight o'clock to go to the Orangerie. He was seated near a pine table, dressed like a simple captain, with two other citizens, whom I was told were the conventionists Lacoste and Baudot, two large thin men who looked me through. The general advanced to meet me; he has a dark complexion, yellow eyes, and hair parted in the middle; he stopped in front of me and looked at me for two seconds. I, reflecting that this young man commanded the army of the Moselle, was disconcerted; but all at once he held out his hand and said to me, — 'Doctor Wagner, I thank you for what you have done for the citizeness Madame Thérèse; you are a man of feeling.'

"Then he brought me up to the table, where a map was unfolded, and asked for a variety of information about the country in so clear a manner that one would have thought he was better acquainted with these matters than I.

"I answered, of course; the other two listened in silence. Finally he said to me, — 'Doctor Wagner, I cannot propose to you to serve in the armies of the Republic; your nationality prevents it; but the first battalion of the second brigade has just lost its surgeon-in-chief. The service of our ambulances is still incomplete; we

have only young persons to take care of our wounded. I confide to you this post of honour; humanity has no country! Here is your commission.' He wrote some words at the end of the table, and taking me again by the hand, said, — 'Doctor, believe in my esteem.' After that I went out.

"Madame Thérèse was waiting for me outside, and when she learned that I was to be at the head of the ambulances of the first battalion you can fancy her joy.

"We all expected to remain at Pirmasens till the spring; the barracks were on the point of being built, when in the evening of the next day, toward ten o'clock, we suddenly received the order to march, without extinguishing our fires, without noise, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet. All Pirmasens was asleep. I had two horses, one on which I rode, the other was led. I was with the officers near the Commandant Duchene.

"We set off, some on horseback, others on foot, — cannon, ammunition wagons, carts, the cavalry on the flank, no moon, and without anything to guide us. Only at long intervals a horseman at the turnings of the roads called out, — 'This way, — this way!' — Toward eleven o'clock the moon appeared; we were among the mountains; all the summits were white with snow. The infantry, their guns on their shoulders, had to run in order to keep warm; two or three times I was obliged to dismount, I became so benumbed with cold. Madame Thérèse, in her little cart covered with a gray cloth, handed the calabash to me, and the captains were always ready to receive it after me; more than one soldier had his turn too.

"But we went on and on without stopping, so that about six o'clock, when the pale sun began to whiten the sky, we were at Lembach, under the great wooded hill of Steinfeld, three-quarters of a league from Woerth. Then on every side we heard the cry of 'Halt! halt!' Troops were continually coming up from behind; at half past six the whole army was collected in a valley, and they began to make soup.

"General Hoche, whom I then saw pass with his two conventionists, was laughing; he seemed in good spirits. He went into the last house in the village; the people were astonished to see us at this hour, — like those of Anstatt, on the arrival of the Republicans. The houses here are so small and so miserable that it was necessary to bring out two tables, at which the general held his council in the open air, while the

troops cooked what they had brought with them.

"This halt lasted just long enough to get food and to buckle the knapsacks on again. Then we set out again in better condition. At eight o'clock we issued from the valley of Reichshofen. We saw the Prussians entrenched upon the heights of Froschwiller and of Woerth; they were more than twenty thousand, and their re-doubts rose one above another.

Then the whole army understood that we had marched so rapidly in order to surprise these Prussians by themselves; for the Austrians were four or five leagues from there on the line of the Motter. Notwithstanding this, I will not conceal from you, my dear friends, that this sight gave me at first a terrible blow; the more I looked, the more impossible it seemed to me to gain the battle. In the first place, they were more numerous than we were; then they had dug ditches and lined them with palisades; and behind we could see quite plainly the gunners, who were leaning on their cannon, and watching us, while files of innumerable bayonets extended up the hill.

"The French, with their accustomed heedlessness, did not regard all this, and even appeared quite merry. The report being spread that General Hoche had just promised six hundred francs for every gun taken from the enemy, they laughed, cocking their hats on one side, and looked at the cannon, crying out, 'Awarded! awarded!' It was something to shudder at to see such thoughtlessness and to hear such jokes.

"As for us, the ambulances, the carriages of all sorts, the empty ammunition wagons for transporting the wounded, remained in the rear, and to tell the truth this gave me sincere pleasure.

"Madame Thérèse was thirty or forty steps in front of me. I went to place myself near her with my two aids, one of whom was a young apothecary, from Lambrecies, and the other a dentist, who had made surgeons of themselves. But they have already had some experience, and these young people with a little leisure and work may turn out well. Madame Thérèse was embracing little Jean, who went off running in pursuit of his battalion.

"The whole valley, right and left, was full of cavalry in good order. General Hoche on arriving immediately selected himself the position for the two batteries upon the hills of Reichshofen, and the infantry made a halt in the middle of the valley.

"There was some further consultation; then all the infantry was ranged in three

columns; one passed on the left into the gorge of Reebach, the two others began to march upon the entrenchments supporting arms. General Hoche with some officers placed himself on a little height on the left of the valley.

"All that followed, my dear friends, still seems to me like a dream. The moment the columns reached the foot of the hill, a horrible crash resounded like a sort of frightful rending; everything was covered with smoke; the Prussians had just discharged their batteries. A second after, the smoke being a little dissipated, we saw the French higher up on the hill; they were quickening their steps. Quantities of the wounded remained behind, some extended on their faces, others sitting and trying to get up.

"The Prussians fired a second time, and then we heard the terrible cry, — 'Fix bayonets.' And the mountain began to sparkle like a heap of live coals when it is struck with the foot. We saw nothing more, for the wind blew the smoke over us, and we could not hear a word at four steps' distance, so great was the noise of the musketry, men, and cannon thundering and bellowing together. Along the slopes, the horses of our cavalry were whinnying and eager to be off; these animals are indeed savage; they love danger, and they were kept back with great difficulty.

"Now and then there was a gap in the smoke; then we saw the Republicans clinging to the palisades like a swarm of ants. Some were attempting to knock down the entrenchments with the butt ends of their muskets, others were trying to find a passage; the officers on horseback, their swords in the air, were encouraging the men. On the other side the Prussians were thrusting with their bayonets, were discharging their muskets into the crowd, or were lifting with both hands their great rammers like clubs to destroy the men. It was frightful. A second afterward, another puff of wind covered everything and no one could tell how it would end.

"General Hoche was sending his officers one after another to carry new orders. They went like the wind into the smoke; one would have said they were shadows. But the battle was prolonged, and the Republicans began to fall back, when the General himself descended at full speed; ten minutes afterward the 'Marseillaise' sounded above all the tumult, and those who had fallen back returned to the charge.

"The second attack began more furiously than the first. The cannon alone were still thundering and destroying files of men.

All the Republicans were advancing *en masse*, Hoche in the midst of them. Our batteries were also firing on the Prussians. What took place when the French again approached the palisades it is impossible to describe. If Father Adam Schmidt had been with us, he would have seen what might well be called a terrible battle. The Prussians showed that they were the soldiers of the great Frederic; — bayonets against bayonets, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, retiring or pushing forward.

“ But what decided the victory for the Republicans was the arrival of their third column upon the heights, to the left of the entrenchment. It had turned the Reebach and issued from the wood; the Prussians, attacked on two sides at once, withdrew, abandoning eighteen pieces of cannon, twenty-four caissons, and their entrenchments full of their wounded and dead. They took the road toward Woerth, and our hussars and our dragoons, who could no longer restrain themselves, started off at length, bent over their saddles like a leaning wall. We learned the same evening that they had taken twelve hundred prisoners and six cannon.

“ This, my dear friends, is the so-called battle of Woerth, and Freschwiller, the news of which may have already reached you while I am writing, and which will remain forever present to my memory.

“ Since that time I have seen nothing new; but what work we have had! Day and night we have been obliged to cut, to amputate, to extract balls; our ambulances are loaded with the wounded; it is very sad.

“ However, the day after the victory, our army moved forward. Four days afterward we learned that the conventionists Lacoste and Baudot, having perceived that the rivalry between Hoche and Pichegru was injurious to the interests of the Republic, had given the command to Hoche alone, and that he, finding himself at the head of the two armies of the Rhine and the Moselle, without losing a moment, had profited by it to attack Wurmser on the lines of Wissembourg, and that he had completely beaten him at the Geisberg, so that at this moment the Prussians are retreating upon Mayence, the Austrians upon Gemersheim, and the territory of the Republic is cleared of all its enemies.

“ As to myself, I am now at Wissembourg, overwhelmed with work. Madame Thérèse, little Jean, and the remnant of the first battalion, occupy the place, while the army is marching toward Landau, the happy

deliverance of which will be the admiration of future ages.

“ Soon, very soon, my dear friends, we shall follow the army; we shall pass through Anstatt crowned with the palm of victory; we may yet once more press you to our hearts and celebrate with you the triumph of justice and of liberty.

“ O beloved liberty! kindle in our souls the sacred fire which heretofore enflamed so many heroes, form among us men who shall resemble them; may the heart of every citizen leap at thy voice! Inspire the sage who meditates, lead the courageous man to heroic deeds, animate the warrior with sublime enthusiasm! May the despots who divide nations to oppress them disappear from the world, and may holy fraternity reunite all the people on the earth in one single family!

“ With these wishes and these hopes good Madame Thérèse, little Jean, and I embrace you with all our heart.

“ JACOB WAGNER.”

“ P. S. Little Jean begs his friend Fritzel to take good care of Scipio.”

Uncle Jacob's letter filled us all with joy, and the impatience with which we waited for the arrival of the first battalion cannot be described.

When I think of that epoch of my life, it seems to me like a *fête*. Every day we learned something new; after the occupation of Wissembourg, the raising of the siege of Landau, then the taking of Lauterberg, then of Kaiserslautern, then the occupation of Spire, where the French gained great booty, which Hoche caused to be sent to Landau to indemnify the inhabitants for their losses.

The people of the village now held us in respect proportioned to their previous clamour against us. There was even talk of putting Koffel into the municipal council, and of choosing the mole-catcher burgomaster. One could not tell why, for nobody had ever had that idea before; but the report spread that we were going to become French again, that we had been French fifteen hundred years before, and that it was an abomination for us to have been held in slavery for so long a time.

Richter had taken flight, well aware what he might expect, and Joseph Spick never came out of his hut.

Every day the people on the high street looked along the hillside to see the true defenders of the country arrive; unluckily, the greater part of them took the road from Wissembourg to Mayence, leaving Anstatt on their left, in the mountain; we saw pass

only stragglers who were making a cross cut by way of Bougerwald. We were disappointed at this, and we were beginning to think that our battalion would never arrive, when one afternoon the mole-catcher came in quite breathless, exclaiming,—“Here they come! they are here!”

He had been returning from the fields, his mattock over his shoulder, and he had seen far off on the road a crowd of soldiers. The whole village had already learned the news; every one was running out. I, beside myself with joy, ran to meet our battalion with Hans Aden and Franz Sepel, whom I met on the way. The sun was shining, the snow was melting, the mud spattered over us at every step. We did not mind it, and for half an hour we kept on at full speed. Half the village, men, women, and children, followed us, crying out, “Here they come! Here they come!” The ideas of people change in a curious way. Everybody now was a friend of the Republic.

As soon as we reached the heights of the Birkenwald, Hans Aden, Franz Sepel, and I at last saw our battalion approaching half way up the hill, their knapsacks on their backs, their guns on their shoulders, the officers behind the soldiers. Farther off the wagons were defiling over the great bridge. They were coming on, all whistling and talking, as soldiers do on the march; one was stopping to light his pipe, another was shouldering his knapsack; shouts and bursts of laughter were to be heard, for when the French are marching in bodies they must have stories and jokes to keep up their good-humour.

In this crowd I was looking only for Uncle Jacob and Madame Thérèse; it took some time to find them in the rear of the battalion. At last I saw my uncle; he was behind on Rappel. At first I had some difficulty in recognising him, for he had on a large Republican hat, a coat with red facings, and a great sword with a steel scabbard; this changed him inconceivably. He seemed much larger, but I knew him in spite of it, as I did Madame Thérèse also, upon her little covered cart, with her hat and cravat; her cheeks were rosy and her eyes were bright; my uncle was riding at her side, and they were talking together.

I also recognised little Jean, whom I had seen only once; he was marching, and had a broad shoulder-belt across his breast ornamented with small drumsticks, his arms covered with lace, and his sword swinging behind his legs. And the Commandant, and Sergeant Lafleche, and the captain whom I

had taken up into our garret, and all the soldiers,—yes, I recognised almost all of them. I seemed to myself to be in a large family, and I was pleased too when I saw the flag, wrapped up in its waxed cloth.

I ran through the crowd; Hans Aden and Franz Sepel had already found some comrades. I kept on till I was within thirty steps of the little cart, and I was just going to call out, “Uncle! uncle!” when by chance Madame Thérèse bending forward exclaimed in a joyful voice, —“Here is Scipio!”

At the same moment Scipio, whom I had forgotten at home, jumped into the wagon. At once little Jean shouted out, —“Scipio!”

And the good poodle, after having passed his great moustaches over the cheeks of Madame Thérèse two or three times, leapt to the ground and began to dance round little Jean, barking, yelping, and behaving himself as if he were out of his senses with joy.

The whole battalion was calling to him, “Scipio, here! Scipio! Scipio!”

My uncle had just descended me, and stretched out his arms to me from his horse. I took hold of his leg; he lifted me up and kissed me; I perceived that he was weeping, and that moved me. He then held me out to Madame Thérèse, who drew me into her little cart, saying to me, —

“Welcome, Fritzel!”

She seemed very happy, and kissed me with tears in her eyes.

The mole-catcher and Koffel came up almost at once, and shook hands with my uncle, then came the other people of the village, pell-mell, with the soldiers, who gave them their knapsacks and their guns to carry in triumph, and who called out to the women, —

“Ha! what a good mother! What a pretty girl! come this way, this way!”

There was great confusion; everybody was fraternising, and among them all little Jean and I were the happiest.

“Kiss little Jean,” cried my uncle to me.

“Kiss Fritzel,” said Madame Thérèse to her brother.

And we kissed each other and looked at each other wonderingly.

“He pleases me,” said little Jean; “he looks like a good child!”

“And you please me too,” said I to him, very proud of speaking French.

And we marched on in arm in arm, while my uncle and Madame Thérèse smiled at each other.

The Commandant too held out his hand to me, saying, —

" Ah ! Doctor Wagner, this is your de-fender ! Have you been quite well all this time ? "

" Yes, Commandant."

" Very good ! "

It was thus that we reached the first houses in the village. Then we stopped for some minutes to put ourselves in order. Little Jean hitched his drum upon his thigh, and the Commandant having shouted, " Forward ! march ! " the drums beat.

We went down the high street, all keeping step and rejoicing in so magnificent an entrance. All the old men and women, who had not been able to go out, were at their windows and pointed out to each other Uncle Jacob, who advanced with a dignified air behind the Commandant and between his two aids. I observed particularly Father Schmidt standing at the door of his hut. He straightened up his tall, bent form and watched us defiling by with a flash in his eye.

At the square of the fountain the Commandant cried, " Halt ! " The soldiers stacked their guns and went off, some to the right, some to the left; every citizen wished to have a soldier, every one desired to rejoice in the triumph of the Republic, one and indivisible; but these gay Frenchmen liked better to follow the pretty girls.

The Commandant went with us. Old Lisbeth was already at the door, and stretching her long hands to heaven she cried, —

" Ah ! Madame Thérèse ! ah ! monsieur doctor ! "

Then there were fresh exclamations of joy and new embraces. Then we went in, and the feast of ham and of broiled meat, with white wine and old Burgundy, began. Koffel, the mole-catcher, the Commandant, my uncle, Madame Thérèse, little Jean, and I, — I leave you to think what a supper, what appetites, what satisfaction there was.

All that day the first battalion remained with us; then they were obliged to pursue

their way, for their winter quarters were at Hacmatt, two short leagues from Anstatt. My uncle remained in the village; he laid aside his large sword and his big hat, but till the spring came not a day passed that he was not on the road to Hacmatt; he thought only of Hacmatt.

From time to time Madame Thérèse came also to see us, with little Jean; we laughed, we were happy; we loved each other !

And what more shall I tell you ? In the spring, when the lark begins to sing, we learned one day that the first battalion was to set out for La Vendée. Then my uncle, quite pale, ran to the stable and mounted Rappel; he set out at full speed, his head uncovered for he had forgotten his cap.

What took place at Hacmatt ? I know nothing about that; but what is certain is, that the next day my uncle came back as proud as a king, with Madame Thérèse and little Jean, that there was a great wedding-festival at our house, with embracings and rejoicings.

Eight days afterward the Commandant Duchesne arrived with all the captains of the battalion. That day the rejoicings were still greater. Madame Thérèse and my uncle went to the *mairie* followed by a long line of joyful guests. The mole-catcher, who had been chosen burgomaster at the popular election, awaited us, his tri-coloured scarf round his waist. He inscribed the names of my uncle and Madame Thérèse in a large register, to universal satisfaction; and from that time little Jean had a father, and I a good mother, the remembrance of whom I can never recall without tears.

I might tell you many other things, but this is enough for the present. If Almighty God permits, some day we will take up again this story, and it will finish like all others, — with white hairs and the last adieus of those whom we love best in this world.

AMONG the perversions of words which have excited a smile is that of the adjective *homœopathic*. It means *like-treatment*, and denotes the theory that disease is cured by applications which tend to produce a similar disease. But because the followers of Hahnemann employ *very minute* doses, those doses are taken to be *homœopathic* in right of their *smallness*, and the adjective is supposed to be of the same meaning as *infinitesimal*. Who first fell into this metonymy ? It will be held a singular proof of the tendency to such perversions that we have to answer — *Hahnemann himself !* He directs Mesmerism to be used in very minute doses;

and he calls those doses *die kleinste, homœopathische Gabe !* But the error does not lie in adaptation, but in lawless abstraction. We may, when speaking of a quality, symbolize it by something conspicuous for that quality. We may talk of mountainous waves, if we please; and so signify height by something that is high. But we must not divert the adjective to apply to nothing but what is high : we must leave it open to speak of mountainous sterility, if we want the phrase. The common error is making *Homœopathic* mean nothing but *minute*.

Athenaeum.

## CHAPTER IV.

## COMRADES WITHOUT COMRADESHIP.

SEATED in an open carriage, the two young men were soon winding along a road which led up the mountain. The air was full of dewy freshness, and high above the vineyards the nightingales in the leafy woods poured forth a constant flood of melody. The two men sat silent. Each knew that the other had come within the circle of his destiny, but could not anticipate what would be the consequence.

Eric took off his hat, and as Pranken looked at his handsome face with its commanding, self-reliant expression, it seemed to him that he had never really seen it before; a thrill of alarm passed through him as he began to realize that he was forming ties whose results could not be foreseen. His face now darkened with anger and scorn, now brightened with benevolence and good-humored smiles; he murmured to himself some unintelligible words, and burst forth at intervals into an inexplicable fit of laughter.

"It is truly astonishing, most astonishing!" he said to himself. "I could hardly have believed it of you, my good Otto, that you could be so generous and self-forgetful, so wholly and completely a friend. People have always told you, and you have had the conceit yourself, that through all your whims you were better than you would own to yourself. Shame on you, that you would not recognize your innocence and virtue! Here you are showing yourself a friend, a brother, a most noble minister of destiny to another, who is a bit of humanity, nothing but pure humanity, in a full beard. All his thoughts are elevated and manly, but a good salary pleases even his noble manliness."

Pranken laid his head back on the cushions of the carriage, and looked smiling up to the sky. He resolved to take good care that this specimen of noble manhood, who was sitting by him in the carriage, should not thwart his plans, and that what he could not bring about himself, his sister Bella should accomplish. Pranken's whole bearing was forced and unnatural. His uniform, worn ever since childhood, had given him not only a feeling of exclusiveness, but also a definite, undisputed, and exceptional position, which separated him from the ordinary mass of men. Among his fellow-soldiers he was lively, and high-spirited; not specially remarkable for anything, but a good officer, knowing how to take care of and to drill his horses and his men. Now that he had laid aside his uniform, he

felt in citizen's dress as if he were falling to pieces; but he held himself all the more proudly erect, in order to show by every movement that he did not belong to the common herd. In the regiment there were always strict rules to be followed; now he was under the command of duty and wearisome free-will. Left to himself, he became painfully aware that he was nothing without his comrades. Life appeared bare and dreary, and he had worked himself into a bitter and satirical mood, which gave him in his own eyes, a certain superiority to that blank, monotonous existence, without parade, or play or ballet. He looked with a sort of envy at Eric, who, poorer and without advantages of social position, gazed around him so serenely and composedly, feasting on the beauty of the landscape. Eric was certainly the better off. Having become a soldier at a more mature age, he had never lost his own individuality in the '*esprit du corps*' of army life; and now that he was a civilian again, his whole appearance changed, and his nature developed itself under a new and interesting aspect.

"I envy you," said Pranken, after they had driven for sometime in silence.

"You envy me?"

"Yes! at first it vexed me and roused my pity, that a man like you should enter the service of a private individual, and in such a position! But perhaps it is fortunate for a man to be obliged to determine on some career in order to make a living."

"Just for that reason," replied Eric, "will the task of educating the young millionaire be a hard one. Two things only excite the powers of men to activity: an idea, and worldly gain."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Let me make my meaning clearer. He who uses his power for the sake of an idea enters the region of genius, however small and inconspicuous may be the sphere of his activity. He who works for the sake of profit, to supply the necessities, or the luxuries of life, is nothing but a common laborer. The common need is the compelling power which plants the vine on the steep mountain side, clears the forest, steers the ship, and drives the plough. Where this common need unites itself with the ideal, and this may be in every sphere of life, there is noble human activity. A nobleman, who busies himself in the world has the good fortune to be the inheritor of an idea, — the idea of honor."

Pranken nodded approvingly, but with a slightly scornful expression, as much as to say, "This man to have the audacity to seek justification for the nobility! Nobility

and faith need not be proved; they are facts of history not to be questioned!"

Again they were silent, and each asked himself what was to come of this unexpected blending of their paths in life. As fellow-soldiers they had been only remotely connected; it might be very different for the future.

The valleys already lay in shadow, though the sun shone brightly on the mountain-tops. They drove through a village where all was in joyous and tumultuous movement,—in the streets, maidens walking arm in arm; young men standing singly or in groups, exchanging merry greetings and jokes and laughing jests; the old people sitting at the doors; the fountain splashing, and along the high-road by the river, gay voices singing together.

"O how full of refreshment is our German life!" cried Eric; "the active, industrious people enjoy themselves in the evening, which brings coolness and shade to the treeless vineyards."

They continued their journey in silence, when suddenly Pranken started convulsively, for there came before him, as if in a dream, a vision of himself, pistol in hand, confronting in a duel the man now seated by his side. Whence came the vision? He could not tell. And yet, was it meant to be a prophetic warning?

He forced himself to talk. A prominent trait of his character, which belonged to him by nature and education was a social disposition, a desire to please all with whom he came in contact. To drive away the vision, and in obedience to this social impulse, he began to tell Eric where he had been. By the advice of his brother-in-law, Count Clodwig von Wolfgarten, he had just paid a visit to a much respected landed proprietor in the neighborhood, in order to enter upon a course of instruction, if the arrangement should prove mutually agreeable.

The land-holder Weidmann, who was often called the March-minister, because as a pioneer to help stem the revolutionary current in 1848 he was made minister for three days,—was considered in all the surrounding region as an authority upon agricultural as well as political matters.

Pranken talked on, and the more he talked the more he enjoyed his own witty sallies; and the more he indulged in them, the more pungent they became. He began: "I should like to know how this man will strike you; he has, like"—here he hesitated a little, but quickly added—"like all great reformers, a vast train of fine dog-

mas, enough to supply a whole Capuchin monastery."

Eric laughed, and Pranken, laughing also, continued: "Ah! the world is made up of nothing but humbug! The much-talked-of poetry of a landed proprietor's life is nothing but a constant desire for lucre, tricked out with paint from the glow of the morning and evening sky. This Herr Weidmann and his sons think of nothing but the everlasting dollar. He has six sons, five of whom I know, and all look impertinently well, with pretentiously white, faultless teeth, and full beards. These mountains, which travellers admire, are compelled to yield them wine from the surface, and slate, manganese, ore, and chemicals from the mines beneath. They have five different factories; one son is a miner, another a machinist, a third a chemist, and so they work into each others' hands and for their common interest. I have been told that they extract forty different substances from beechwood, and then send the exhausted residuum as charcoal to the Paris restaurants. Isn't that a pretty love of nature? Then, as to Father Wiedmann,—you enjoy the song of the nightingales, I know. Well, Father Weidmann obtained from the government an edict of protection for them, because they eat insects and are very useful to the fields and woods. Father Weidmann lives in a restored castle, but if a minstrel came there to-day he would get no hearing, unless he sang the noble love by which Nitrogen and Hydrogen are bound to ammonia. I am almost crazed with super-phosphates and alkalies. Do you think, it is a destiny worth striving after, to be able to increase the food of mankind by a few sacks of potatoes?"

Before Eric could answer, Pranken added: "Ah, there is just nothing that one would like to turn to. The army is the one profession."

As they were ascending a steep hill overlooking the river with its islands, Pranken, pointing up the stream to a white house upon the bank, said, "Yonder is the Sonnenkamp villa, which bears the name of Eden. That great glass dome on which the evening sun is shining is the palm-house. Herr Sonnenkamp is an enthusiastic gardener; his conservatories and hot-houses excel those of princes."

Eric, standing upright in the carriage, looked back upon the landscape, and the house where was to be, probably, the turning-point of his life. As he sat down Pranken offered him a cigar. Eric declined, for he had given up smoking.

"He who does not smoke will not do for Herr Sonnenkamp;" and he emphasized the word *Herr*. "Next to his plants, he prides himself upon his great variety of genuine cigars; and he was specially grateful to me when I once said to him that he possessed a seraglio of cigars. I don't know how he who refuses a cigar can get along with him."

"I can smoke, but I am no slave to the habit," replied Eric, taking the cigar.

"You seem to me not only a Doctor of Philosophy," said Pranken, "but also a real philosopher."

The two travellers drove on in silence. Eric looked down, his mind occupied with many and various thoughts.

O wonderful world! Invincible potencies hover in the air; a human soul is journeying there and does not imagine that another is pressing towards him, and that they both have one destiny. This is the greatness of the human spirit, that there is a preparation for taking up into itself, as if they had one life, some person whose name he does not know, whose countenance he has not seen, and of whose existence he has no anticipation. He who has not lived for himself alone, he who has dreamed, thought, labored, striven for the common good, he is ready, each hour, to enter into the universal life, and utters the creative word, Be soul of my soul, and speaks the word of salvation, "Thou art thy brother's keeper."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE OLD NOBLEMAN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE.

"To Wolfgarten" was the direction upon the guide-board at the edge of the well-kept forest where they were now driving, on the grounds and territory of the nobleman. Every stranger who asks the way, and makes inquiry concerning the large, plain mansion with steep gables beyond, receives the reply that two happy people live there, who have every blessing except that of children.

There are those who give satisfaction to the soul. Where two sit and talk about them, each feels gratified in being able to perceive and exhibit the pure and beautiful, and is grateful to the other for each new insight; but strangely enough people soon tire of talking about the purely beautiful. On the other hand, there are those who furnish an inexhaustible supply of material for conversation which dwells chiefly upon the unlovely features, whilst the attractive are mingled in and brought to the surface with great effort; at the close the speaker

feels obliged to add, "But I am no hypocrite when I meet this person in a friendly way, for while there is much to condemn, there is also a great deal that is good." Clodwig was a character of the former, and his wife Bella, born Baroness von Pranken, of the latter sort.

Clodwig was a nobleman in the best sense of the word. He was not one of your affable people, on the same terms with every one. He had a gentlemanly reserve and repose. The independent proprietor, the manufacturer as well as the priest, the day-laborer, the official and the city-merchant, each believed that he was particularly esteemed and beloved; and all considered him an ornament of the landscape, like some great tree upon the mountain-top, whose shade and whose majestic height were a joy, and a shelter from every storm.

The counsel and help of Clodwig von Wolfgarten could be counted upon confidently in all exigencies. He had been abroad for a long period, and only since his second marriage, five years since, had he resided at his country-seat. Bella von Wolfgarten was much more admired than beloved. She was beautiful, many said too beautiful for the old gentleman. She was more talkative than her husband; and when she drove out in a pony-carriage drawn by a span of dappled greys through the country and villages, herself holding the reins, while her husband sat by her side and the footman upon the back seat, everybody bowed and stared. Many old people, who always find some special reason for any new fashion, were inclined to see in this fact of Bella's holding the reins a proof that she had the rule. But this was not so, by any means. She was humble and entirely submissive to her husband. It was often displeasing to him that she so excessively praised, even in his presence, his goodness, his even disposition, and his noble views of life and the world.

Eric had only a dim recollection of the commotion excited in the capital by Bella's marriage, for it happened about the time that he resigned his commission. He had frequently seen Bella, but never the count. The count had been for many years ambassador from the small principality to the papal court, and there Eric's father had become acquainted with him.

Clodwig was known in the scientific world through a small archeological treatise with very expensive designs; for next to music which he pursued with ardor, he was devoted to the science of antiquity with all that earnest fidelity which was a characteristic of his whole being. It was said in

his praise that there was no science and no art to which he did not give his fostering care. Returning from Rome to his native land, childless and a widower, he became an esteemed member of the assembly of the nobility favoring what is called moderate progress; and during the session, he associated much with the old Herr von Pranken, who was also a member. He soon became interested in Bella von Pranken, a woman of imposing manners, and a brilliant performer upon the piano. Bella was now, if one may be so ungallant as to say so, somewhat passée; but in her bloom she had been the beauty of that court circle, where a younger generation now flourished, to which she did not belong.

Bella had travelled over a good part of the world. In the company of two Englishwomen she had visited Italy, Greece, and Egypt. She had hired an experienced courier, who relieved her from all care. On her return to the court where her father was grand-equestrian, she mingled in society with that indifferent air which passes itself off as a higher nature brought into contact with the common-places of daily life. She conversed much with Clodwig von Wolfgarten, who supposed that the insignificant trifles of social life were considered by her as unworthy of notice, and she gained the credit with him of possessing a refined nature occupied only with higher interests. She constantly and actively participated in Clodwig's fondness for archaeological pursuits. It was a matter of course that they should find themselves in each other's society, and if the one or the other was not present, Bella or Clodwig was asked if the absent one was sick, or had an engagement. Bella had no porcelain figures and nick-nacks of that kind upon her table, but only choice copies from the antique; and she wore a large amber chain taken from the tomb of some noble Roman lady. She possessed a large photographic album, containing views of her journey, and was happy to look over them again and again with Clodwig, and to receive instruction from him. She also played frequently for him, although no longer exhibiting her musical talent in society.

The entire circle for once did something novel: they carried from Bella to Clodwig and from him to Bella the enthusiastic speeches of the one about the other; and even personages of the highest rank took part in furthering their intimacy. This became necessary from the timidity they both experienced, when they became conscious of the possibility of a different relation between them. Meanwhile success crowned

the attempt, and the betrothal was celebrated in the most select circle of the court.

Mischievous tongues now repeated—for it was but fair that there should be some compensation for the previous excessive good-nature—that two interesting points of discussion had arisen. Bella, they said, had made it a condition of the betrothal, that he should never speak of his deceased wife, and the old Pranken had asked of the physician how long the count might be expected to live. He must have smiled in a peculiar way when the physician assured him that such old gentlemen, who live so regularly, quietly, and without passion, might count upon an indefinite number of years.

In the meanwhile, the conduct of Bella gave the lie to the malicious report that she hoped soon to be a rich young widow. Clodwig had had an attack of vertigo shortly before the wedding; and always after that Bella contrived that he should be, without his knowledge, attended by a servant. She devoted herself with the most affectionate care to the old gentleman, who now seemed to enjoy a new life, and to gain fresh vigor on returning to his paternal estate. At the baths, where they went every summer, Clodwig and Bella were highly esteemed personages. She was admired not only for her beauty, but also for her stainless fidelity, and for her solicitous attention to her aged husband.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE COLLATION DAY.

IT was yet bright daylight here upon the mountain-height, when they approached the Wolfgarten mansion. As they were making the last ascent through the park, a beautiful girl in a figured blue summer-suit stood in the path between the green trees. Getting sight of the carriage, she quickly turned back again. Two light-blue ribbons, tied behind, according to the fashion, floated in the evening wind. Her step was firm and yet graceful.

"Ah," said Pranken, "to-day we have hit upon my sister's collation-day. That pretty girl who turned about so quickly is the daughter of the justice, freshly baked out of the oven of the convent of the 'Sacred Heart' at Aix. You will find her a genuine child of the Rhine, and my sister has given her the appropriate name Musselina; there is in her something of perpetual summer. Through this warm-hearted child we are now already announced to the company."

While he was arranging his hair with his pocket-comb, he continued, —

“ The family is very respectable and highly esteemed ; the little one is too good to be trifled with ; one must have an inferior kind to smoke in the open air.”

Pranken suddenly became aware whom he was talking to, and immediately added, — “ So would our comrade, Don John Nipper, who was everlastingly betting, express himself. Do you know that the wild fellow has now an affection of the spine, and is wheeled about at Wiesbaden in a chair ? ”

Pranken’s whole manner changed ; and springing with joyful elasticity out of the carriage, he reached out his hand to Eric, saying, “ Welcome to Wolfsgarten ! ” Many carriages were standing in the court-yard, and in the garden they found the ladies, who with fans and parasols sat upon handsome chairs around a bed of luxuriantly-growing forget-me-nots, in the centre of which was a red rhododendron in full bloom.

“ We are no peace-breakers ; don’t let us disturb you, good ladies,” cried out Pranken from a distance, in a jesting tone. Bella greeted her brother, and then Eric, whom she recognised at once. The wife of the justice and Miss Lina were very happy to renew the acquaintance of yesterday ; then were introduced the district physician’s wife and sister, the head-forester’s wife and her mother, the apothecary’s wife, the burgomaster’s wife, the school-director’s wife, and the wives of the two manufacturers. In fact, all the notabilities of the place seemed to have assembled. The gentlemen had gone, it was said, to view some prospect not very far off, and would soon be back.

The conversation was not very lively, and Eric’s appearance awakened interest. The director’s wife, a large striking figure — Bella called her the lay figure, for she knew how to dress well, and everything became her — raised her opera-glass and looked round upon the landscape, but took advantage of this survey to get a nearer look at Eric’s face. The manner in which she then balanced the glass in her hand seemed to say that she was not altogether displeased with the view.

After the first question, how long it was since Eric had seen the Rhine, and after he had informed them how everything had appeared under a new aspect, and had affected him almost to intoxication, he said it was very pleasant to see the young ladies wearing wreaths of fresh flowers and leaves upon their heads. To this he added the remark, that though it was natural and fitting for

ladies to wear wreaths on their heads, it was very comical when men, even on some rural excursion, allowed the black cylinder hat to be ornamented with a wreath by some fair hand.

Insignificant as was the observation, the tone in which Eric uttered it gave peculiar pleasure, and the whole circle smiled in a friendly manner ; they at once felt that here was a person of original and suggestive ideas.

Bella knew how to bring out a guest in conversation. “ Did not the Greeks and Romans, Captain,” she asked, “ wear badges of distinction upon the head, while we, who plume ourselves so much about our hearts, wear ours upon the breast ? ” Then she spoke of an ancient wreath of victory she had seen at Rome, and asked Eric whether there were different classes of wreaths. Without intending it Eric described the various kinds of crowns given to victory, and it excited much merriment when he spoke of the wreath made of grass, which a general received who had relieved a besieged city.

The girls who stood in groups at one side made a pretence of calling out to a handsome boy playing at the fountain below, and sprang down the little hill with flying garments. On reaching the fountain, they troubled themselves no further about the little boy they had called to, but talked with one another about the stranger, and how interesting he was.

“ He is handsomer than the architect,” said the apothecary’s daughter.

“ And he is even handsomer than Herr von Pranken,” added Hildegard, the school-director’s daughter.

Lina enjoyed the enviable advantage of being able to relate that she had met him yesterday at the island convent ; her father had rightly guessed that he was of French descent, for his father had belonged to the immigrating Huguenots, as his name indicated. The apothecary’s daughter, who plumed herself highly upon her brother’s being a lieutenant, promised to obtain from him more definite information about the captain.

In her free way Lina proposed that they should weave a garland and place it unexpectedly on the bare head of the stranger. The wreath was speedily got ready, but no one of the girls, not even Lina, ventured to complete the strange proposal.

Meanwhile Eric was sitting amidst the circle of ladies, and he expressed his sincere envy of those persons who live among such beautiful natural scenery ; they might not always be conscious of it, but it had a

bracing influence upon the spirit, and there was a keen sense of loss when removed into less interesting scenes. No one ventured to make any reply until Bella remarked, — “Praise of the landscape in which we live is a sort of flattery to us, as if we ourselves, our dress, our house, or anything belonging to us, should be praised.”

All assented, although it was not evident whether Bella had expressed approval or disapproval. Then she asked Eric concerning his mother, and as if incidentally, but not without emphasis, alluded to the sudden death of her brother, Baron von Burgholz. Those present knew now that Eric was of partially noble descent. Bella spoke so easily that speaking seemed a wholly secondary matter to her, while seeing and being seen were the things of real importance. She hardly moved a feature in speaking, scarcely even the lips, and only in smiling exhibited a full row of small white teeth.

Bella knew that Eric was looking at her attentively while he spoke, and composedly as if she stood before a mirror, she offered her face to his gaze. She then introduced Eric, in the most friendly way, to the agreeable head-forester's wife, a fine singer, asking at the same time if he still kept up his singing; he replied that he had been for some years out of practice.

The evening was unusually sultry, and the air was close and hot over mountain and valley.

A thunder storm was coming up in the distance. They discussed whether they should wait for the storm at Wolfsgarten or return home immediately. “If the gentlemen were only here to decide.” The pleasant forester's lady confessed that she was afraid of a thunder storm.

“Then you and your sister are in sympathy,” said Eric.

“O,” said the sister, “I am not at all afraid.”

“Excuse me; I did not mean you, but the beautiful songstress dwelling here in the thicket. Do you not notice that Mrs. Nightingale, who sang so spiritedly a few moments since, is now suddenly dumb?” All were very merry over this remark, and now each told what she did with herself during a thunder storm.

“I think,” said Eric, “that we can find out not so much the character, as the vegetative life of the brain, the nervous temperament, as it is called, by observing the effect which a thunder storm has upon us. We are so far removed from the life of nature, that when changes take place in the atmosphere that can be heard and seen, we

are taken by surprise, as if a voice should suddenly call to us out of the still air, ‘Attend! thou art walking and breathing in a world full of mystery!’”

“Ah, here come the gentlemen!” it was suddenly called out. Two handsome pointers springing into the garden went round and round Franken's dog, who had been abroad, smelling at him inquiringly, as if they would get out of him the results of his experience. The men came immediately after the dogs.

Eric immediately recognised Count Clodwig, before his name was mentioned. His fine, well-preserved person, the constant friendliness of expression on his smoothly shaven, elderly face, as yet unwrinkled, — this could be no other than the Count Clodwig von Wolfsgarten; all the rest had grouped themselves around him as a centre, and exhibited a sort of deference, as if he were the prince of the land. He possessed two peculiar characteristics seldom found together: he attracted love, and at the same time commanded homage; and although he never exhibited any aristocratic haughtiness, and treated each one in a friendly and kindly manner, it seemed only a matter of course for him to take the lead.

When Eric was introduced to him, his countenance immediately lighted up, every feature beaming with happy thoughts. “You are welcome; as the son of my Roman friend you have inherited my friendship,” he said, pressing more closely with his left hand the spectacles over his eyes.

His manner of speaking was so moderate and agreeable that he seemed to be no stranger; while there was in the accent something so calm and measured that any striking novelty was received from him as something for which you were unconsciously prepared. He had always the same demeanor, a steady composure, and a certain deliberateness, never making haste, having always time enough, and preserving a straight-forward uprightness befitting an old man. When Eric expressed the happiness it gave him to inherit the count's friendship towards his father, and that of the countess towards his mother, a still warmer friendliness beamed from Clodwig's countenance.

“You have exactly your father's voice,” he said. “It was a hard stroke to me when I heard of his death, for I had thought of writing to him for several years, but delayed until it was too late.”

When Eric was introduced now by Clodwig to the rest of the gentlemen, it seemed as if this man invested him with his own dignity. “Here I make you acquainted

with a good comrade," said Clodwig, with a significant smile, whilst he introduced him to an old gentleman, having a broad red face, and snow-white hair trimmed very close. "This is our major — Major Grasler."

The major nodded pleasantly, extending to Eric a hand to which the forefinger was wanting; but the old man could still press strongly the stranger's hand. He nodded again, but said nothing.

The other gentlemen were also introduced by the count; one of these, a handsome young man, with a dark-brown face and fine beard and moustache, the architect Erhardt, took his leave directly, as he had an appointment at the limestone quarry. The school-director informed Eric that he had been also a pupil of Professor Einsiedel.

The major was called out of the men's circle by the ladies; they took him to task, the wife of the justice leading off, for having left them and gone off with the gentlemen, while always before he had been very attentive to the ladies, and their faithful knight. Now he was to make amends.

The major had just seated himself when the girls placed upon his white head the crown intended for Eric. He nodded merrily, and desired that a mirror should be brought, to see how he looked. He pointed the forefinger of his left hand to Lina, and asked her if that was one of the things she learned at the convent.

It soon became evident that the major was the target for shafts of wit, a position which some one in every society voluntarily must assume or submit to persevere. The major conferred upon his acquaintance more pleasure than he was aware of, for every one smiled in a friendly way when he was thought of or spoken about.

A gust of wind came down over the plain; the flag upon the mansion was lowered; the upholstered chairs were speedily put under the covering of the piazza; and all had a feeling of comfort, as they sat sociably together in the well-lighted drawing-room, while the storm raged outside.

For some time no other subject could be talked about than the storm. The major told of a slight skirmish in which he had been engaged in the midst of the most fearful thunder and lightning; he expressed himself clumsily, but they understood his meaning, how horrible it was for them to be murdering each other, while the heavens were speaking. The justice told of a young fellow who was about to take a false oath, and had just raised up his hand, when a sudden thunder-clap caused him to drop it, crying out, "I am guilty." The forester

added laughing, that a thunder storm was a very nice thing, as the wild game afterwards was very abundant. The school-director gave an exceedingly graphic description of the difficulty of keeping children in the school-room occupied, as one could not continue the ordinary instruction, and yet one did not know what should be done with them.

All eyes were turned upon Eric as if to inquire what he had to say, and he remarked in an easy tone, — "What here possesses the soul as a raging storm is down there, on the lower Rhine, and above there, in Alsace, a distant heat lightning which cools off the excessive heat of the daytime. People sit there enjoying themselves in gardens and balconies, breathing in the pure air in quiet contemplation. I might say that there are geographical boundaries and distinct zones of feeling."

Drawing out this idea at length, he was able to make them wholly forget the present. The forester's wife, who had been sitting in the dark in the adjoining room with her hand over her eyes, came into the drawing-room at these words of Eric, which she must have heard, and seemed relieved of all fear.

Eric spoke for a long time. Though his varied experience might have taught him a different lesson, he still believed that people always wished to get something in conversation, to gain clearer ideas, and not merely to while away the time. Hence, when he conversed, he gave out his whole soul, the very best he had, and did not fear that behind his back they would call his animated utterances pertness and vanity. He had a talent for society; even more than that, for he placed himself in the position of him whom he addressed, and this one soon felt that Eric saw further than he himself did, and that he spoke not out of presumption, but benevolence.

There is something really imposing in a man who clearly and fluently expresses his ideas to other people; their own thought is brought to light, and they are thankful for the boon. But most persons are imposed upon by the "Sir Oracle" who gives them to understand, "I am speaking of things which you do not and cannot comprehend;" and the Sir Oracles carry so much the greater weight of influence.

The men, and more particularly the justice and the school-director, shrugged their shoulders. Eric's enthusiasm and his unreserved unfolding of his own interior life had in it something odd, even wounding to some of the men. They felt that this strange manner, this extraordinary revelation of

character, this pouring out of one's best, was attractive to the ladies, and that they, getting in a word incidentally and without being able to complete a thought, or round off a period, were wholly cast into the shade. The justice, observing the beaming eyes of his daughter and of the forester's wife, whispered to the school-director, "This is a dangerous person."

The company broke up into groups. Eric stood with Clodwig in the bow-window, and they looked out upon the night. The lightning flashed over the distant mountains, sometimes lighting up a peak in the horizon, sometimes making a rift in the sky, as if behind it were another sky, while the thunder rolled, shaking the ceiling and tinkling the pendent prisms of the chandelier.

"There are circumstances and events which occur and repeat themselves as if they had already passed before us in a dream," Clodwig began. "Just as I now stand here with you, I stood with your father in the Roman Campagna. I know not how it chanced, but we spoke of that view in which the things of the world are regarded under the aspect of the infinite, and then your father said,—methinks I still hear his voice, —'Only when we take in the life of humanity as a whole do we have as thinkers that rest which the believers receive from faith, for then the world lives to us as to them, in the oneness of God's thought. He who follows up only the individual ant cannot comprehend its zigzag track, or its fate as it suddenly falls into the hole of the ant-lion, who must also get a living. But he who regards the ant-hill as a whole—'"

Clodwig suddenly stopped. From the valley they heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and the hollow rumbling of the train of cars.

"But at that time," he continued after a pause, and his face was lighted up by a sudden flash of lightning, "at that time no locomotive's whistle broke in upon our quiet meditation."

"And yet," said Eric, "I do not like to regard this shrill tone as a discord."

"Go on, I am curious to hear why not."

"Is it not grand that human beings continue their ordinary pursuits in the midst of nature's disturbances? In our modern age an unalterable system of movements is seen to be continually operating upon our

earth. May it not be said that all our doing is but a preparation of the way, a making straight the path, so that the eternal forces of nature may move in freedom? The man of this new age has the railroad to serve him."

Clodwig grasped Eric's hand. Bright flashes of lightning illumined the beaming face of the young man and the serene countenance of the old count. Clodwig pressed warmly Eric's hand, as if he would say, "Welcome again! now art thou truly mine." Love, suddenly taking possession of two hearts, is said to make them one; and is it not also true of friendship?

It was so here. The two confronted each other, not with any foreboding, or excitement of feeling, but with a clear and firm recognition that each had found his own choicest possession; they felt that they belonged to each other, and it was entirely forgotten that they had looked into each other's eyes for the first time only a few moments before. They had become united in the pure thought of the Eternal that has no measure of time; they may have stood there speechless for a long time after unclasping their hands; they were united, and they were one without the need of word, without external sign.

In a voice full of emotion, as if he had a secret to reveal, which he could hardly open his lips to utter, and yet which he must not withhold, Clodwig said,—"In such storms I have often thought of that former period when the whole land from here to the Odenwald was a great lake, out of which the mountain peaks towered as islands, until the water forced for itself a channel through the wall of rock. And have you, my young friend, ever entertained the thought that chaos may come again?"

"Yes, indeed; but we cannot transport ourselves into the pre-human or post-human period. We can only fill out according to our strength our allotted time of three score years and ten." The major now came and invited them to go into the inner saloon, where the company had assembled. Clodwig again stroked softly Eric's hand, saying, "Will you come?" Like two lovers who have just given a secret kiss and an embrace, they rejoined the company. No one suspected why their countenances were so radiant.

From The Overland.

## A COURT BALL IN MEXICO.

A SPECIAL object with Maximilian, in which he was earnestly seconded by the Empress, was to modify, or, as far as possible, disguise the harsh realities of a military occupation of the Mexican capital. Carlotta, therefore, caused to be inaugurated, in the winter of 1865, when the Empire was in full tide of success, a series of grand balls at the national palace. They were a welcome relief to the monotony of tropical life, and were eagerly anticipated by the city belles. Invitations were issued through M. Eloin, chief of the cabinet, to whom, with Señor Negrete, master of ceremonies at the palace, was intrusted the delicate duty of gratifying or disappointing the expectant braves and gallants. The invitation, in French, was in the name of the Empress. It bore the Imperial arms, and was left at the hotel by a liveried messenger from the palace. The experienced N—— kindly suggested the habiliments for civilians, particularizing from the tip of a necktie to the white or straw-coloured gloves; for one is not every day invited to the levee of an empress, and may be pardoned for thirsting after knowledge. . . .

The scene of the ball was a continuous suite of *salons*, comprising nearly the whole front of the palace. These extend, in unbroken connection, for several hundred feet; and, with their lofty ceilings and fine proportions, afford a ball room fit, indeed, for an Imperial reception. The light was from innumerable wax candles, which, as the initiated assert, improves the female complexion, always suffering under the white glare of gaslight. In the midst of a rather subdued murmur of gossip, introductions, and other sounds of a fashionable gathering, there was a slight commotion for some new cause; the throngs of ladies, gradually separating, formed in something like line, while their cavaliers ranged themselves on the opposite side. Immediately the doors of the throne-room were opened, and a bevy of ladies entered; they were the Empress and her maids of honour. There was no difficulty in recognising Carlotta, for she was a head taller than the others. Indeed, she is said to have chosen for her attendants only those of lesser stature than herself, and this at the special request of Maximilian, who, himself of lofty proportions, was always proud of the stately mien of his consort. Perhaps a little pardonable vanity may have caused her to exclude too much beauty from among her train, for very few of them possessed

great personal attractions. One was a young native, a descendant of Montezuma. The Empress called upon her, and, finding her an amiable, interesting person, placed her near to herself, where she remained until Carlotta's departure for Europe. The young lady, who was highly esteemed in Mexico, had the unmistakable Aztec expression and features.

The absence of the Emperor was universally remarked, and it was presently whispered that an attack of illness would prevent his appearance. Her Majesty, therefore, conducted by her master of ceremonies, and preceded and followed by her ladies, moved along the assemblage of jewelled beauty and fashion, conversing in French, German, Italian, English, or Spanish, for she spoke these languages with fluency. An occasional bit of nervous awkwardness in some unsophisticated Mexicanas, embarrassed by the ceremony of presentation and the imposing surroundings, brought no smile to any courtly face; but Carlotta, with her genuine goodness of heart, almost coined words for her, and left a lasting impression of her own amiable disposition. Turning at last from the ladies, her Majesty crossed to the gentlemen, and, accompanied as before, gracefully recognised here and there some officer or diplomat with a smile or a word of kindly greeting for each.

Court etiquette, in verbally addressing the Empress of Mexico, required "Madame," and never "Your Majesty," a term applied to the Emperor alone. Carlotta was at this time in her twenty-fourth year. She did not seem remarkably tall, save as in immediate comparison with others—Mexican ladies being generally of small stature. An expression of *hauteur*, almost of disdain, which was the prevailing one with the Empress, by no means indicated the generous, sensitive nature within. The abundant hair was arranged tastefully, and ornamented with a single rose. Over a dress of blue brocade, with lengthy train, was thrown a robe of costly lace, through which the hues of the material beneath were visible. A necklace of diamonds, the largest the size of a hazel-nut, was clasped around the neck, and she wore bracelets also of diamonds. Carlotta was the Empress in action and look. The dignified and rather stately step, so well suited to her station, and so perfectly natural, would have seemed affectation in another. Her voice, like that of others of her house, was not pleasing in quality, but its tones possessed that refinement peculiar to birth, education, and superior natures. . . .

From The Athenaeum.

## CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

Vienna, Oct. 1, 1868.

The dresses of the ladies, as they swept past the throne, sometimes whirled into the very lap of the Empress, but she seemed only the more to enjoy the excitement. Her face was suffused, and her handsome teeth, as she laughed, were visible quite across the hall. There were present, perhaps, a thousand persons, among them almost everybody of note or distinction in the city. Officers of several national armies were represented. The splendid trappings of the French *chasseurs à pied*, zouaves, and tirailleurs; the black and silver trimmings of the Hungarian cavalrymen; the fine uniforms of the Austrian infantry; the Belgians, fresh-faced young fellows, newly arrived, and sporting their serviceable accoutrements; and, occasionally, one of the Garde Palatine, or a captain of the Mexican cavalry regiment "La Emperatriz;" while here and there appeared members of the new British embassy, dressed in scarlet, and flashing like meteors along the ever restless throng. At times the meeting of French and Austrian officers seemed a little awkward, especially when the former happened to be decorated with medals commemorative of Solferino and Magenta; but all old animosities were, by common consent, buried in devotion to immediate duties.

A memorable feature of the scene was the lustrous eyes and luxuriant hair of the Mexican brunettes. There was also an enchanting array of French and Austrian beauty. Some were loaded with jewellery, and would have seemed overdressed but for the offset of a dazzling variety of uniforms. This blending of colours in dress sometimes had the appearance of an extensive flower-garden. In diamonds, especially, the Mexican belles far outshone all European competitors. Although the Empress, from a natural desire to please, as well as for reasons of policy, often visited Mexican families in the capital, there could be little or no social intimacy between them and a woman of her superiority. In Mexico, female education, if such a thing in its legitimate sense exists, is usually confined to religious teachings. The acquirements are practically limited to the missal and breviary.

It is believed that the Empress, however ambitious and devoted to the success of the Empire, saw but little real happiness in Mexico. Companionship with the native ladies was out of the question. She was in a mental famine among these languid automata, who answered only in monosyllables, and could converse on no topic above the gossip of the neighbourhood.

ONE great fact which strikes an Englishman travelling on the Continent is, that in foreign parts the convenience of the public (with some exceptions) is more studied and much better cared for than in England. Who that has eaten and drunk at a railway Restauration, or Speise Saal, as they call it in Germany, or a "buffet" in France, but must have felt more than ever ashamed of the so-called "refreshment-rooms" in which the British travelling public are supposed to refresh themselves? Go where you will abroad the superiority is manifest. The Restauration at Olten is well known to all who have travelled in Switzerland; it is one of the largest, if not *the* largest, in Europe. I arrived there with a party from Basel, and during the twenty minutes of waiting for the train to Berne we had an excellent breakfast, unlimited in quantity, café-au-lait, bread, butter, honey and jam, for which the charge was one franc each person. There were waiters enough to attend to the crowd of travellers, and, notwithstanding the apparent confusion, the train-caller did his duty so well, that throng after throng left the tables as their trains were ready, and none were left behind.

All through the Rhine provinces, the Palatinate and Baden, railway travelling is divested of some of its inconveniences by the nimble lads and lasses who, wherever the train stops, run from carriage to carriage with baskets of fruit or trays of freshly drawn beer, or jugs of water. Many a traveller who does not wish to alight may wish to quench his thirst, and there the opportunity is afforded. All over Germany the same practice prevails, but, perhaps, finds its culmination in Bavaria. If any of our railway directors want to know what a refreshment-room ought to be, let them go and look at the Restauration at Augsburg or Munich. One room is allotted to first and second-class passengers who, instead of crowding at a single counter, seat themselves at the numerous tables and eat and drink in comfort. But third-class passengers are not neglected; theirs is the largest room, containing scores of tables, every one of which may be crowded, as I saw more than once, and with not a few of the first and second-class passengers, who seemed to enjoy the bustle. Of course, the noise is overpowering, but you can get a good dinner, promptly served, of soup, meat (roast and boiled), the never-failing

sausage, potatoes and salad, with sweet things if you like, and good beer, at a very moderate cost. The counter from which the chief delivers his supplies is so well arranged and fitted with pots and pans that the various dishes are kept hot and ready for serving out at a moment's notice. And let it be remarked, a table-napkin is supplied to each person who dines. This is a touch of consideration for third-class passengers which I can hardly hope to see adopted in England, live as long as I may. At nearly all the stations the third-class waiting-room is also the restauration.

"Will any of you dine at the *table-d'hôte* at Linz?" asked the guard of the train, looking into our second-class carriage, as we were nearing that city. Whether he sent a message on by telegraph or otherwise I know not, but on our arrival at Linz, with twenty minutes to wait, we found forty plates of soup, smoking hot, all ready for us; these were followed by two courses of meat, and a *Mehlspeise*, which resembled a baked apple-pudding. No one complained of not having enough. The charge, including beer, was equivalent to 2s.

Draught beer can be had on board the Danube steamers, at ten or twelve kreutzers the tankard. How the steward of a Thames steamer would stare if you asked for a pint of draught ale while on a trip to Gravesend or the Nore! when all the while the majority of passengers prefer draught beer to the frothy, bottled stuff which is supposed to be good because it contains fixed air. England is commonly spoken of as a beer-drinking country; but what are the facilities afforded to drinkers? In London and the large towns the bar where you stand at the counter, or the bar-parlour, or the big room upstairs, where one long table nearly fills the space; and in any case you are served in pewter. In Germany, even at very modest houses, the drinking-cups and tankards are of glass, or in some instances stone with a pewter lid, and the room is furnished with rows of small tables, which facilitate companionship. At the Hof Brauhaus, in Munich, I have seen from four hundred to five hundred persons taking their evening draught—brown beer on one side of the house, white beer, with a slice of lemon in each tankard, on the other. At the Ober-Pollinger, a twenty-gallon cask of beer stands on a pedestal in the middle of the room, and is emptied in about fifteen minutes. Down goes the pedestal, speedily to re-appear with another full cask which in turn is soon drawn off; and so it goes on all the evening. So rapid is the demand, that although the waiters carry five tankards

in each hand, they cannot supply the eager customers quickly enough, and you see a crowd round the cask holding out their tankards to the tapster. In some rooms a fountain of iced-water is provided, in which the tankards and glasses can be rinsed and cooled. Pains are taken to keep the beer cool in the cellars; hence, as will be understood, the Bavarians are highly favoured in their national beverage. They can drink it in perfection.

To those who know what Bavarian beer is, this particular will be important, because even a good thing may be spoilt by bad serving. An Englishman who cannot drink beer at home without undergoing a severe bilious attack, finds that he can drink beer at Munich with impunity. He feels refreshed and comforted thereby, but not stupefied. But should he travel on to Vienna he will find that the Austrian capital has beaten the Bavarian in the article of beer. Munich has lost her supremacy, for the beer of the Dreher Brewery at Vienna is incontestably the best in Europe. And there are many places in the Kaiserstadt on the Danube, as the natives delight to call it, where you may drink with ease, comfort and elegance.

W. W.

From Belgravia.

## THE JOHNSON CLUB.

OUR critics have been seriously complaining that we had nothing new to tell them about Selwyn; what will they say when we append this heading to the present article, and avow our purpose of repeating, as agreeably as we can, some of the good old stories about Dr. Johnson?

This venerable and highly-to-be-respected club was founded in the February of 1764 by Dr. Johnson, immediately after his visit to Bennet Langton, at the seat of his family in Lincolnshire. That amiable man, Sir Joshua Reynolds, had the merit of first proposing the club, which for some years met at the Turk's Head, Gerard-street, Soho, on Monday evenings at seven. It was founded on the plan of Johnson's old club in Ivy-lane, and the members were at first limited to nine. The Doctor and Reynolds headed the list, with Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton. Then Burke was warmly welcomed, and he begged admission for his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, an accomplished Roman Catholic physician who lived with him. Beauclerk suggested his friend Chamier, then Under-Secretary of War; and Oliver Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll,"

completed the first batch. Samuel Dyer, another member of the original Ivy-lane club, was the next year finally admitted by acclamation.

In 1785, the Turk's Head closing soon after the landlord's death, the club removed to Prince's, in Sackville-street, and from thence to Baxter's, afterwards Thomas's, in Dover-street. In 1792 the members removed to Parsloe's, in St. James's-street, and in 1799 to the Thatched-House Tavern. The club is, we believe, now located at the Clarendon Hotel, in Bond-street.

Between 1764 and 1792, Bishop Percy, Mr. Sheridan, Sir William Jones, Malone, Gibbon, Colman, Dr. Joseph Warton, Dr. Burney, and Lord Spencer, among other celebrities, were members of this great conversational club. It was a long time before poor Garrick, to whom Johnson was always cruelly intolerant, was admitted. The doctor said of the great player, "He will disturb us with his buffoonery." To Mrs. Piozzi he remarked: "If Garrick does apply, I'll blackball him. Surely one ought to sit in a society like ours

"Unelbowed by a gamester, pimp, or player."

Garrick had originally provoked him by saying, in an off-hand way to Reynolds, of the new club, "I like it much, and I think I shall be of you." "He'll be of us, sir?" growled Johnson; "how does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language."

Yet, after all, the offence was not a great one; and Garrick would not have worded his sentence so patronisingly as he did had he thought his appearance at the club-door would have been unwelcome. Johnson, the son of a poor second-hand bookseller at Lichfield, always despised Garrick because he exhibited himself on a public stage. The contempt was not just; it certainly was unworthy of such a mind as Johnson's. This foolish contempt for one of the forms which genius selects for its development, however, kept Garrick out of the club till 1773.

Mr. Hawkins (afterwards Sir John) was soon expelled from the new society, having disgusted everyone by his sour manners and bad temper. He revenged himself in those malicious insinuations scattered throughout his wandering life of Dr. Johnson. He was a pompous, parsimonious man, who took a dislike to Burke because he monopolised the conversation, and tyrannised intellectually over the less-gifted members. Hawkins had moreover a contempt for poor

Goldsmith, whom he considered a mere Grub-street drudge, capable of compiling and translating, but unqualified for original, and especially poetical, composition. He also refused to pay his share of the club-supper, as he never took supper at home.

"Was the man excused?" inquired Dr. Burney of Johnson.

"Why yes, sir," said the doctor, "for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all scorned him, but admitted his plea. Yet I really believe him to be an honest man at bottom, though to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean; and it must be owned that he has a tendency to savageness."

Hawkins ended by treating Burke with extreme rudeness, and was, on his next visit to the club, so coldly received, that he never returned; and no one much regretted it.

Burke was impetuous, vehement, and intolerant; but he delighted Johnson by never being unwilling to begin talking, and never being in haste to leave off. He was always ready to charge on an adversary; but he was not a good listener, and, as Johnson admitted, if anyone was talking well at one end of the table, Burke would begin at the other. Yet Burke often gave way when Johnson was inclined to act the Jove, and thunder.

Burke said once to Langton on leaving the club, "O no, I wouldn't talk much tonight; it was enough for me to have rung the bell to Johnson."

One night some one wished Dr. Johnson to write to them for a man who had once sent the club a present of a hogshead of claret, which was just out. The letter was to be so carefully worded as to induce the benefactor to repeat his gift. "Dr. Johnson shall be our dictator," cried one of the company. "Were I your dictator," said Johnson, "you should have no wine; it would be my business *carere ne quid detimenti res publica carperet*. Wine is dangerous: Rome was ruined by luxury." Burke replied: "If you allow no wine as dictator, you shall not have me for master of the horse."

"In this club only," says Mr. Forster, "Burke could pour forth his stores of argument and eloquence, his exhaustless imagery, his overflowing illustration, and his overpowering copiousness of words."

Goldsmith, though often cowed by Johnson, and made a butt of by his brother members, was a great favourite at the club. His vanity, his blunders, were laughed at

good-humouredly ; and here he could sing his song of "The old woman tossed in a blanket."

Langton and Beauclerk, those young men whom the genius of Johnson had magnetized, were highly clubbable. Langton was a very tall thin man, like the stork on one leg in Raphael's cartoon, his friend Beauclerk used to say. He was a mild, contemplative, scholarly person, and an excellent listener. Miss Hawkins sketches him "with his mild countenance, elegant features, and sweet smile, sitting with one leg twisted round the other as if fearing to occupy more space than was equitable; his person inclining forward as if wanting strength to support his weight, and his arms crossed over his bosom, or his hands locked together on his knee." Fascinated by the *Rambler*, Langton had come to town when a mere stripling and obtained an introduction to the great writer. He afterwards had been very attentive to Johnson when the great man visited Oxford, and so an affectionate friendship had sprung up. Langton was, moreover, a descendant of Cardinal Langton, — the King John's Cardinal, — and that was a great title and respect with a superstitiously-high Tory like Johnson, who hardly knew the name of his own grandfather.

Beauclerk, the careless, well-bred, rakish man of fashion, was the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, grandson of the Duke of St. Albans ; and a descendant of Charles II. soon won Johnson by his graceful manners and well-bred wit. He at last ceased to attend the club, went more into the fashionable world, and lost his right of membership. On his marriage, however, with Lady Di Spencer, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, Beauclerk claimed his seat at the club again, and once more attended the meetings.

Garrick came in when the club augmented its numbers. Goldsmith had proposed the augmentation. "It will give," he said, "an agreeable variety to our meetings, for there can be nothing new amongst us; we have travelled over each other's minds." Johnson was violent at this. "No, sir," said he; "you have never travelled over my mind, I promise you."

Among these new members was Hogarth's friend, that amiable Irish nobleman, Lord Charlemont, the accomplished Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Jones the linguist, and George Colman the dramatist. One evening, Boswell, sometimes tedious with his incessant worship of Dr. Johnson, was telling Colman of their journey to the Western Islands, and of the Doctor's willingness to

believe in second sight. Colman smiled dissent. Boswell's enthusiasm was ludicrous and frothy as usual. "Dr. Johnson," he said earnestly, "is only *willing* to believe, but I *do* believe; the evidence is enough for me, though it may not be for his great mind. What would not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle. *Sir, I am filled with belief.*"

"Are you?" said Colman quietly; "then cork it up."

The club became now very powerful; it was a conversational centre, and the headquarters of the leading men of letters. When the society was only fifteen years old, the Bishop of St. Asaph, then newly-elected, said to Fox: "I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say that the honour of being elected into the Turk's Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surrey." The Bishop might well chuckle, for the night he was elected, Lord Camden and the Bishop of Ulster had both been blackballed.

Five years after the death of Garrick, Dr. Johnson dined at the club where he had spent a third of his intellectual life for the last time. It was Tuesday, June 22, 1784. Boswell was there, and the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston (father of the Premier), Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Malone. The Doctor looked ill; but he showed a manly fortitude, and did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints. Boswell says: "They all showed evident marks of kind concern about him, with which he was much pleased; and he exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him."

Macaulay has sketched Johnson as he alone could sketch a great man. "The gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black-worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched fore-top, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick, are familiar to us as the features of Wellington or Napoleon." We learn still more minutely from his incessant observer, Boswell, all the Doctor's strange habits at the club; how he shook his head, rocked his body, and rubbed his left knee; how he whistled, how he chuckled, and how, at last, when exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath contemptuously like a whale. It was thus he sat and rocked and puffed, while Langton bent his long body approvingly and blandly towards him, and Reynolds eagerly turned to him the aperture of his ear-trumpet, and globular Gibbon tapped his snuff-box approvingly, and Beauclerk sneered with a cynical care-

lessness, and Garrick's face gleamed with intellect, and bland Dr. Percy smiled, and Burke waited keenly for an opening, and Goldsmith looked at himself in a wine-glass, and Dr. Burney beat time on the table.

After Garrick's lamented death the club was known as the Literary Club. It now confined its honours chiefly to titled authors and dilettanti of rank; yet still it has brave names on its records, and the real working authors were only swamped from the popularity and fashion which naturally attracted to the club men of high social and political position. In 1857 such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lords Brougham, Carlisle, Aberdeen, and Glenelg, could not be impugned. Hallam and Macaulay were constant attendants at the club dinner, which takes place twice a month during the parliamentary season.

The muster-roll of the Johnson Club is emblazoned with the greatest names in every art and profession. Among statesmen we have Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Macaulay, Fox, Windham, Grenville, Lords Liverpool, Lansdowne, Aberdeen, and Clarendon. It is that accomplished writer Mr. Tom Taylor who has so ably epitomised the glory of the venerable club. In natural science they boast of Sir Joseph Banks (whom Peter Pindar ridiculed) and Professor Owen. In social science they have Adam Smith, the great patriarch of political economy — though poor Boswell did think the club lost caste by electing that great champion of common sense. In philosophy they boast of Whewell, in art of Reynolds, in medicine of Nugent, Blagden, Fordyce, Warren, Vaughan, and Halford. Among scholarly soldiers, of Rennel, Leake, and Mure; among great church dignitaries, of Shipley, Barnard, Marley, Hinchcliffe, Douglas, Blomfield, Wilberforce, Vincent, Burney, and Hawtrey; in the law, of Lords Ashburton and Stowell, and Grant, Austin, and Pemberton Leigh. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, at once Chancellor of the Exchequer and an eminent scholar, was a very good example of the modern ideal of the Johnson Club.

This august body, which began with nine members, soon widened to twenty. In 1777 it increased to twenty-six, in 1778 to thirty, in 1780 to thirty-five, and it was then resolved never to extend the privileged body to more than forty members. In 1810 Malone gave the number of members of the club since the foundation at seventy-six, of whom fifty-five have been authors.

A centenary of the club was celebrated at the Clarendon Hotel in September, 1864. The secretary, Dr. Milman, the venerable

Dean of St. Paul's, was in the chair. There were present M. van de Weyer, Earls Clarendon and Stanhope, Bishops of London and Oxford, Lords Brougham, Stanley, Cranworth, Kingsdown, and Harry Vane; the Right Hons. Sir Edmund Head, Spencer Walpole, and Robert Lowe; Sir Henry Holland, Sir C. Eastlake, Sir Roderick Murchison, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the Master of Trinity, Professor Owen, Mr. G. Grote, Mr. C. Austin, Mr. H. Reeve, and Mr. G. Richmond. The Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Carlisle, Earl Russell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Overstone, Lord Glenelg, and Mr. W. Stirling, were prevented from attending.

From The Times, Oct. 18.

#### CAPTAIN MONCRIEFF'S IMPORTANT ARTILLERY INVENTION.

We published yesterday the account of a second series of experiments on what, to all appearance, is the most important artillery invention of modern times. It may be briefly described as a device for rendering the heaviest guns absolutely invisible and unapproachable, except at the actual instant of firing; and even then nothing is to be seen but the gun itself, the men who work it and the whole machinery remaining completely protected. Like all great inventions, it is supremely simple in principle, though the highest mechanical skill must have been called into play in developing it. To take a homely illustration, let the reader imagine a child's rocking-horse with a toy rifleman mounted on the tail; let him suppose that the rockers are weighted in front, so that the natural position of the horse is with its head down and its heels in the air. The rifleman will then be raised above the body of the horse, and may be supposed to be peering above a parapet or hillock in order to fire his rifle. Let it be supposed that the force of the recoil is communicated to the horse; it rolls back on its rockers into a level position, the seat of the rifleman is lowered, and he again becomes concealed behind the ground in front of him. In this position he is fixed by a catch until his rifle is again loaded. The catch is then set free, and he rolls up again to fire another shot, and again to recoil into safety. The rifleman in this illustration corresponds to the 7-inch or 12-inch Woolwich gun; the rockers of the rocking-horse are the "elevators" mentioned in the descriptions we have published. In this simple conception lies the

substance of the invention, and the reader, we think, will have no difficulty in following us in the deductions we proceed to draw.

The first effect of this discovery is that any gun may be placed anywhere, so as to be absolutely impregnable to horizontal firing. Hitherto, if a gun was to be brought into action it has been necessary to provide for it a platform at least on a level with the surface of the ground. The gun and gunners must, therefore, either be wholly unprotected, in which case the gun is said to be mounted *en barbette*, or a wall of some sort must be built up in front to protect them, and a hole pierced in the wall for the gun to fire through. In practice it has been found excessively difficult to provide a wall of sufficient strength to afford complete protection. The hole in the wall, or the embrasure, is always a weak point. At the best, it affords a convenient mark for the enemy's aim, and being of necessity funnel-shaped, it not only admits his projectiles, but actually assists their entry. But by Captain Moncrieff's invention the gun and gunners are placed below ground. The gun rolls up above the mouth of a pit to deliver its charge, and then sinks again. One look-out man, whose head it would always be easy to conceal, is sufficient to give information to the men in the pit, and to direct the whole movement of the gun. There is, therefore, no need of a wall, for there remains nothing to protect, nothing for the enemy to fire at, nothing even for him to see. His projectiles will either fly safe over the head of the pit, or pitch harmlessly into the ground around it. The reader must next be reminded that we are at present spending incalculable sums in providing the protective walls to which we refer and in rendering our embrasures as safe as possible. The various iron shields which have been so ingeniously constructed and so successfully destroyed are simply devices for this purpose, and be it understood that the Mill-wall shield, which has beaten the Gibraltar, is offered by the contractor at the modest cost of a thousand pounds for every gun protected. Now, Captain Moncrieff has, in all probability, rendered us absolutely independent of these elaborate and costly constructions so far as regards land fortifications.

There is, in fact, but one material defect alleged against Captain Moncrieff's system. It affords, it is said, no protection against "vertical firing." As the Moncrieff gun-pits are at present constructed, the top, from which the gun rises, is wholly uncovered. A shell, therefore, accurately

fired from a mortar might be dropped vertically into the pit, and of course would inflict terrible destruction. Now, in the first place, even admitting this danger, Captain Moncrieff will still have effected an enormous advance on the present system. In order to guard against shells in our existing fortifications we not only build up a wall in front, but construct a strong roof overhead, and the gun-chamber thus protected becomes a casemate. We have, therefore, two weak points, the front and the roof; but of these two, even at the worst, Captain Moncrieff absolutely annihilates one. He removes all danger in front, and leaves us with only the roof to protect. . . .

Let us next glance at a few of the tactical results which may be expected from this invention. It will be obvious how momentous must be the effect on the movements of an army of the circumstance that all the enemy's guns and batteries may be completely hidden from view. A regiment may be marching over a slightly undulating ground, or even over a level plain, unsuspecting of anything but a perfectly unbroken surface, when suddenly a hundred heavy pieces of artillery may start from the earth as if by magic, and deliver the most accurate and the most deadly fire. We have heard of masked batteries, but under this system every gun in position may be masked. In fact, every undulation and every hillock in a defended position may become a battery, at once more secure and more powerful than the Plymouth forts. Moreover, two or three guns under this system may be made to do the work of several. The effect of an embrasure is, of necessity, to confine the range of a gun, but under this system a gun will range round all the points of the compass. Consequently the whole fire of a dozen guns may be successively concentrated upon any single point within their range, and great economy may thus be effected in the number of guns required. It was conclusively shown at Shoeburyness the other day that the movements of the gun may be effectually directed by a single word of command from an officer outside the pit. It would be as easy to direct ten or twenty guns at once as to direct one, and the fire of a whole battery, therefore, would be under the instant control of a single officer. Again, there is every reason to believe that the gun could be fired with perfect safety from a moveable kind of railway truck. . . .

We cannot, however, enumerate all the advantages which follow from this revolutionizing invention. We shall content our-

selves with one more illustration. The coasts of this country are dotted round with Martello towers, designed for protection against invaders. They have become perfectly useless. A single modern projectile would smash them to pieces, and they could not carry our heavy ordnance. But there is no reason in the world why the vulnerable parts of the coast should not be studed with sunk works in the form of Moncrieff gun-pits, capable of carrying any ordnance, alike invisible and impregnable. This invention, in fact, bids fair to have one most beneficent result. It may make the defence far stronger than the attack, and to England, whose motto is "Defence, not defiance," this will be the most invaluable of all boons.

From The Morning Star, Oct. 13.

CAPTAIN MONCRIEFF's invention renders it possible to raise the largest guns out of a trench to a level for firing, and by a self-acting process to sink them again for the purpose of being reloaded. A trench has many advantages over a parapet, and, even if there were no others, that of altering the position of the guns at will would be sufficient to insure its superiority. The gun under the elevator system can be moved about on a tramway, appearing at unexpected places to discharge its contents, and immediately disappearing. The objection may be suggested, that if the gun is so completely sheltered from an enemy's fire, it must also be in a position from which it is impossible to take aim. Captain Moncrieff has provided for this by means of a mirror, from the reflection in which the officer in charge can lay the gun as close upon the object aimed at as if he actually took his sight along the barrel exposed to the missiles of the enemy. . . .

As regards field artillery, the new system would bring into still greater prominence that indispensable article in the campaigns of the future—the spade. All through the American war the superiority of the spade as a warlike weapon was attested. The army which could intrench itself in the shortest space of time was, other things being tolerably equal, certain of victory. The army which assaulted intrenchments was almost invariably defeated. The development of the breech-loading principle in Europe has rendered it more than ever a necessity that the hands of the soldiers should be frequently practised in the indispensable art of digging and intrenching. The Austrian commander at Sadowa would have deprived the Prussians of a great part of their superiority had he

only placed his troops behind such ramparts as an American army could have thrown up in a few hours. The way to extract the sting from the Chassepot is to intrench, while the needle-gun behind the temporary field defences would be more terrible and destructive than ever. The guns which are taken into a battle-field cannot, of course, be nearly equal in calibre to the great machines which are regarded as necessary for the defence of fortifications; still, every nation will strive to bring into conflict artillery as heavy and powerful as possible. There is nothing to prevent Captain Moncrieff's invention being applied to field artillery also. Natural defences would be taken advantage of as far as possible. They would give protection to the men, while the gun could be raised to a level at which the protection would be no impediment to the fire. Where such a position as a village is selected as the centre of a position, the spades would at once be set in motion to dig intrenchments instead of raising batteries. Altogether, the invention is one which, while it proves Captain Moncrieff's skill as a mechanician, seems destined to have as much effect upon the mode of fighting artillery as breech-loading has had upon the evolutions and requirements of infantry. Above all, it seems to put a period to the foolish outlay of money upon fortifications.

From The Spectator.

#### ELDERLY TRAVELLERS.

WE wish some one of our readers who knew the Continent thirty years ago would tell us whether it was then the custom for middle-aged or aged English men and women to travel much. It is certainly the custom now, and we, who can speak only from an experience of twelve years, have a fancy that it is comparatively recent, and a certainty that it has increased enormously during the last decade. The number of English men and women over fifty-five whom one meets in France, Switzerland, Italy and Madrid, — we do not say Spain, — is astonishing, quite sufficient to be marked as a distinct feature in the tourist's life. It is probable that the main stream of such visitors is confined to certain well-worn routes, and even to a certain class of rather expensive, very homeish, and decidedly "easy" hotels; but in those hotels, and on those routes, their presence is an unquestionable and, to some eyes, a very pleasant fact. It chanced to the writer re-

cently to be on the line of the old "grand tour," and to be driven by stress of impediments to hotels he rather avoids—they are the best in the world, but one might as well be in London—and he made in no less than eight a careful calculation. Three-fourths of the company at the *tables d'hôte* were over fifty years of age, and a third of those three-fourths looked sixty, while nearly a half were women, travelling either alone, or attended by a courier and a maid. They were decidedly for their ends successful travellers. Accident having called his attention to their extraordinary number, he made it an occupation to watch them, and arrived at the conclusion that of all travellers on these well-frequented routes, the old, and especially the decidedly old, were the cheeriest, the most enterprising, and the least embarrassed. The men, no doubt, made a point of dinner, were slow and slightly selfish in their choice of dishes, and showed a tendency to order a luxury unattainable on the Continent, old pale sherry. They were not very quick either about languages, old gentlemen who talked French very fairly getting utterly puzzled with that tongue when spoken German fashion, and still more with English when pronounced in no fashion at all. "What on earth," said an old gentleman at Basle, with sharp grey eyes, who looked like a solicitor in great practice, "can 'bloom-boye' mean?" and the correct suggestion that it was "plum pie" quite lowered his confidence in himself and his education.

Apart, however, from these trivial weaknesses, the old men travelling are decidedly pleasant companions, very cheery, very tolerant, very well informed, and adventurous to a fault. They see everything worth seeing, and not requiring too much exertion, better than the young; keep up with facts much better, learn more, so to speak, from anything they see, or rather fit it more neatly into the proper pigeon-holes of the brain. They receive more through their mental pores, partly, we suspect, because they are less reserved, partly because on the Continent the liking for mature age is better developed, partly, we fear, because there is more cash to be got out of them, and so the harpies take trouble to make things pleasant. Anyhow, they enjoy themselves without worrying other people, and they attempt expeditions from which the young seem to shrink, walking, for example, distances they would consider in England utterly out of the question. The Gemmi, for instance, in England would seem quite a walk to an Anglo-Indian of seventy, and we question if many men of

sixty would at home chuckle with glee at the thought of walking over the St. Gothard with one night's rest. Such travellers, when accompanied by their "families," are intelligible enough. They have been forced abroad by their daughters, like the life, brighten up, and enjoy those brief periods of second youth which are so charming to all who can perceive the beauty of old age. The motives of another class, too, are not obscure. They have always travelled, and are loth to give up, or they are revisiting scenes admired in youth; but there are hundreds of old and apparently lonely Englishmen about in Switzerland every autumn who never were there before, cheery old men who take small mischances as boys take them, who are the delight of guides, and the *betes noires* of all travellers who hate wasting money. Who are they? Are they people who have always wanted to see Switzerland and never had the money in youth, or men weary of England, or widowers whose children have quitted home, or what? They go about, usually alone, sometimes in couples, with knowing faces and decided ways, utterly free of *mauvaise honte*, entirely devoid of the irritability which characterizes their compeers at thirty-five, the pleasantest, easiest, best informed "tourists" to be met.

Still more remarkable are the old ladies, women of fifty and upwards, widows, spinsters, or it may be in a limited number of cases wives. The writer, or rather his wife, counted on the beaten route in a journey of six weeks upwards of two hundred such Englishwomen travelling without men, or, rarely, with a courier in attendance, and maintains that of all travellers they were the easiest, jolliest, and in their way least vexatious to other human beings. He is inclined, from his own experience, to lay it down as an axiom that wherever in Switzerland a goat can go a British female over fifty-five thinks it her duty to go, and is perfectly safe. She can be cheated, but the cheating must be done *en règle*, which means according to Murray. She can be fatigued, but it is only by the presence of weak-kneed companions of the male sex. She can be frightened, but it is only by the absence of a Protestant Church or the presence of something very decidedly Ultramontane. Her main difficulty, after the general fact that she wants two glasses of claret, and does not know what in the world to do with the rest of the half-bottle, is whims, but it is one she surmounts with a courage and good-humour far beyond rivalry.

One we met, a cheery old lady of, say, not to offend her, fifty-nine, had a clear de-

termination to have her dog, an energetic nearly white Skye, with her in the trains. Of course no such proceeding could be endured, — people in cocked hats were horrified, people in blouses were bitten by that dog. It was utterly forbidden that it should go anywhere except in the proper van; but still at three separate stations there in the waiting-room was the old lady and the dog. How she managed it was a mystery, till the third occasion, when she stepped into the compartment, carrying a great blue bag, such as lawyers' clerks put deeds in. The guard assisted her in, — she weighed fourteen stone, — quite politely, sniffed a little at the bag, which was vibrating wildly, but came to the conclusion, as we did also, that it was a parrot in a cage, — birds are not forbidden, or hens, as we know by disagreeable experience, — and said nothing. The compartment was full, the door was shut, and the old lady seating herself with the faintest chuckle, looked round with steady eyes, asked of the air, "I wonder if anybody will be annoyed?" and drew out of the bag the Skye terrier not stifled a bit. We have not a doubt she reached Florence without once suffering the annoyance of parting with her pet. She was only a specimen of scores of women of her kind, who in autumn travel about the frequented routes, see everything, enjoy everything, set all manner of rules aside, ask anybody anything, talk an astounding tongue which no nation would acknowledge, but which is intelligible none the less; bleat gently about the charges for voitures, and enjoy themselves, we verily believe, more than any women in the world.

Who are they all? They must have money, for in a quiet way they are pillaged to a considerable extent; and they must be independent, or they could not be so free of male interference; but who are they all? Is there really a class of women longing all their lives for change, and adventure, and variety of life, who never obtain till old age a chance of realizing their aspirations? Or, when the children are married off, and the husband dead or impossible, does the thirst for excitement suddenly spring up to supply the blanks? We do not know, but this we do know, that this year there were literally hundreds, probably thousands, of Englishwomen above fifty wandering over Switzerland and North Italy, taking care of themselves, enjoying themselves, and leaving, on the whole, decidedly pleasant impressions of old Englishwomen. For one thing, they fight an evident overcharge in a quieter, more persistent, better-mannered way than any human beings on the Conti-

nent, save and except young Scotchmen. There is a grave, simple, heavy-voiced way, a tone of "Is that the law now?" in which these particular people resist disbursements which somehow overawes even the Swiss, and saves them thirty per cent. upon their total expenditure. The calm way in which a Glasgow student brought a Bernese tariff to bear by the side of the Lake of Constance, and argued that he was being plundered contrary to "Swiss" law, was a thing not to be forgotten. No woman could have won such a victory as that boy did, and he will die a millionaire, which she will not.

We wish the Americans on the Continent would behave like the Scotch, whom on points they closely resemble, but they don't. Nobody in the world is quite so kindly or so tolerant as the American who knows something, but there is a class of Americans just now in Europe who are to experienced travellers the most intolerable of mankind. American gentlemen say they are "the shoddy aristocracy," but they have uniformly three distinctive and annoying characteristics, — boxes for which they ought to pay rent and not merely fares, loud voices, and bad tempers. In a pretty large acquaintance with Americans of all grades, we declare that except on the Continent, we never heard a loud voice or met a visibly bad temper, and their own description of themselves is that a valise with a tooth-comb and two "dickeys" is too much luggage. Nevertheless, a class with the peculiarities we have mentioned, in fact a class exactly resembling the English of thirty years since, is flooding the Continent, is ruining half its best hotels, not by extravagance, but by the introduction of a bad tone, and is concentrating on the Union all that angry distaste which for years was felt and expressed towards our own countrymen. The wildest caricatures friends of the South ever painted of Yankees are weak descriptions of some of these people, who are at last, fortunately for us, ceasing to be mistaken for Englishmen. Who they are, why they want half-a-dozen boxes apiece, why they should always quarrel with all service, what induces them to criticize the guests at *tables d'hôte* in an audible voice, above all, why they should be so invariably cross, passes human comprehension. Americans at home or in England display none of those foibles, and why a special class of them should give themselves that reputation on the Continent remains to be explained. The evil will pass away, but if some American satirist would laugh his travelling compatriots out of their "ways," as English-

men have at last been laughed by satirists out of theirs, he would make the great routes far pleasanter to the remainder of mankind.

From The Spectator.  
BABY TRAVELLERS.

ENGLISH travellers on the Continent rarely or never take young children with them. French people do, Russians do, and so do Americans, though the latter seem to prefer boys and girls just out of the nursery. Germans, however, seem to be the great offenders, wealthy persons of that nation thinking no shame to be accompanied by entire families, children, governesses, nurses, wet-nurses, and all. What with one people and another, children are numerous enough on the great routes to form a distinct feature in tourist life, a class well worth studying, a race who supply to observers perhaps the most distinct and curious of all subjects of speculation. They are, to begin with, so very separate and so very national. We would undertake in any hotel on the Continent to tell the nationality of any child by the arrangements made for his or her food, and by his or her relations to the servants. There is the American child, first, whose position is the simplest and easiest conceivable. She, if above three years of age, is "a grown up," paid for like any other guest, entitled to the same privileges, displaying the same entire independence of any kind of control, and evincing all the curious national contempt for servants of all grades. An American child of four in a Swiss hotel is perfectly capable of ordering a *petit verre* after dinner, and if she did would get it without the slightest interference from mamma, or the governess, or indeed any human being except possibly the waiter, who would speedily be brought to a due sense of his position and responsibilities. Dining at Zurich, a few days since, the writer noticed a perfect specimen of the kind. She was a bright-eyed, fair-haired little thing, probably seven years old, but in appearance scarcely five, who marched into the room with the air of mingled curiosity and pomp so comical in sharp children, made way for her father, a grave man of fifty, but calmly ordered her mother to take another chair. Mamma had seated herself outside her husband, and Baby intended to sit between her and the governess. This arrangement accomplished, and a waiter who proffered a high chair summarily sent into disgrace, Baby unrolled her napkin, read the *menu* carefully, re-

marked that she liked sweets, and gravely went in for dinner. Of ten or twelve dishes that child tasted every one, insisted on a separate glass of claret, and at last fixed the affections of her over-filled little person on some cheese-cakes. First she ate her own share. Then she sidled up to her governess, remarked in American that she had not had half enough, and, in French, that the lady opposite was clearly English, and, under cover of her chatter, quietly stole and bolted the poor woman's cheese-cakes. Then she turned to her mother; but her mother had passed the dish, and we thought she was at the end of her resources. Not a bit of it. In the shrillest and calmest of trebles she ordered the head waiter, then about fifty feet off, "to bring papa some more cheesecakes," clutched three, and putting one on the governess's plate,—either out of a theory of restitution, as we hope, or an idea of making her an accomplice, as we fear,—bolted the other two, and then nudged her mother for admiration. With insignificant variations of circumstance she was the typical American female child as encountered in Switzerland, the most independent, self-helpful, greedy little imp alive. Male children from that continent, we are bound to say, are different, their main characteristics being a portentous gravity, and a certain slow, but real, politeness wonderful to behold. Outside the *table d'hôte* the last remnant of self-restraint seems to be thrown off, balconies are turned into play rooms, passages into racecourses, till the entire building seems given over to shrill-voiced, dyspeptic, high-spirited little imps, who in an hour or so attract to their sides a cosmopolitan assembly of all colours and ages, make them all as wicked as themselves, and, we are bound to add, rule them all with the most serene *aplomb*.

Next to the American children, the German are the most prominent; but their prominence is not at dinner. There they are at work on the business of life, and are remarkable only from the half quizzical, half servile attention paid to them by their fathers, and their astounding linguistic capacity. One of them, who sat opposite us a fortnight since, a meek, staid-looking, self-impressed little person, with red hair, talked three languages with equal fluency, ordered her father's wine, dictated some extraordinary combination of footstools and chairs which ultimately seated her about six inches above the table, and was watched by her father, a widower obviously, with a sort of admiring awe. Somehow she was like Pauline in Currier Bell's *Villette*, and

before she had been in the hotel three hours some specialty in the child was recognized; everybody nodded, or rather bowed, to her, — salutes which she returned with the grayest of inclinations, — and the waiters watched her as if their places depended on her fiat. We have an impression, quite without evidence, that her father was a man of considerable rank, but anyhow, in twenty-four hours the child had made her presence distinctly felt throughout the house, and so completely asserted her position that if she had ordered champagne for breakfast some one would have brought it without a glance to seek the father's consent. She, of course, was not typical, being in her way a character and, as we suspect, but do not know, aided by her father's place in the world; but it is true that, next to the Americans, the Germans seem to accord their children the most liberty, to treat them with the least reference to disparity of age. Both nations spend for their children, too, with a liberality which approaches extravagance; the Germans lugging about small armies of retainers, and the Americans submitting, on their behalf, to the most preposterous claims. We met in the Oberland one party of nine, for whom a careful mother had not only engaged nine mules, but nine guides, all strictly charged to prevent the slightest attempt at rapid motion.

The French children are much less independent. French mothers also allow their children to join the *table d'hôte*, but they do not allow them such independence, on the contrary, restraining them, if anything, more than English people do. On the other hand, they pay them infinitely more attention. A Frenchman cares probably a great deal more about his dinner than an Englishman, but he will interrupt it much more frequently to talk to a child, will mix its wine more carefully, will discuss with a waiter more at length the suitability of particular dishes. The American child seems to rule the family much more; but the French child absorbs it, and has, we suspect, much more influence upon its movements. It is very unusual, for example, for any but a French family to seat a servant at dinner; but they, if they have children with them, do it constantly, solely that the little ones may be well and quickly looked after, and compelled rigidly to observe *les convenances*. A certain forethought for the little people, a sense that they have rights, is very perceptible in their arrangements, the care sometimes, no doubt, degenerating into most injurious fondness. We saw a French father whose son, about five, had expressed a wish for water *en route* to Chur,

pay a franc for a glass, then, as the train started, buy the glass itself, and then, when the little imp threw glass and water out of window in a fit at the delay, take him on his knee and spend half an hour in vain attempts to bring him to a happier mood. One could understand after that why freedom of bequest seems unnatural to Frenchmen. Sulkiness among French travelling children is, however, very rare. As a rule, they seem as happy as birds, and like birds they are everywhere at once, till they form a distinct feature in the prospect. Their momentary importance pleases them, and so does the variety of scene, and when not suffering torments from indigestion they generally contrive to fill the hotels with life, and movement, and happy if somewhat shrill laughter. Though not left independent, they are left with servants much more than English children are, and not always with the most beneficial result. They see too much of the great vice of French servants, their indifference to truth. Approaching Paris from the South a little while since, the writer and his wife noticed a child, obviously of very good class, attended by two nursemaids, and a young seminarist, whose relation to the party was not easily intelligible. Arriving at the ticket station, the superior bonne produced two tickets, and remarked audibly that she intended to carry the child through without paying for a third. The little lady was about seven; but the conductor was informed, with all the gravity of a Frenchwoman when telling a deliberate lie, that she was under two. "Under two! but — Mesdames." It was of no use, she was under two, and the conductor turned to the theological student, still reading his breviary. "At least, Monsieur, you will not affirm a story so monstrous, so incredible." The seminarist half-raised his eye-lids, bowed in a manner quite sacrosanct, and replied, "I know the child, and she is under two." "Well," affirmed the conductor, with some slight temper, "if you get that child through the barrier without a ticket I'll eat her," and disappeared. The women seemed frightened — having, we suspect, received the fare from their mistress — and we anticipated a scene; but we had underrated French ingenuity. "Fan must play baby," said the nurse, and Fan was obviously delighted. In a minute or two she was stripped, clad in a nightgown or chemise of some sort, a handkerchief folded over her head, her hair combed back, and she herself transformed into a baby in long clothes. No human being could have detected the deception, unless he had no

ticed that the nurse stooped with her weight. The little imp shut her eyes and did *ingénue* as if she had been bred to the stage, and as a baby in arms she was successfully carried into Paris, the seminarist leading the way through the wicket, book in hand and eyes on the floor. The women that played that trick, nevertheless, watched over that child as none but the best English servants would have done, would have thought nothing of losing their own dinners to gratify any whims she might express at table.

Does travelling benefit young children? We cannot say, for we have never watched English children under the ordeal; but we suspect not. They are injuriously fed, keep late hours, and enjoy far too much excitement for their mental health. The constant change of scene is a strain upon the mind for which they obtain little or no compensation, and which accounts for the weary, half *blase* look they wear on their return. They become querulous as the journey advances, the waiters' habit of non-resistance tempts them to new demands, and they end not infrequently by making themselves nuisances to all around. The new faces bewilder them, the new scenes overfill their minds, and the new diet gives them a permanent dyspepsia. Change is as good for children as for grown-up people, but it should neither be rapid nor frequent, and for any English girl or boy under twelve we should deprecate Continental travel, and above all, Continental life in hotels.

From The Atheneum.

*The New England Tragedies.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Routledge & Sons.)

In his original works Mr. Longfellow shows a growing disposition to forsake the history of Europe for that of his own country. Mediævalism was his first love, and her influence is still felt; but American history is the choice of his manhood. For a long time the poet seemed to waver in his affection, giving us, on the one hand, 'The Spanish Student' and 'The Golden Legend,' and, on the other, 'Evangeline,' 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' and 'Hiawatha.' At last, however, his choice seems declared, and we may now regard all homage to the former mistress as an infidelity to the present.

The gradually increasing taste of Transatlantic writers, those especially of highest mark, for subjects taken from American history is satisfactory to contemplate. The

past of Europe they have in common with us. But their own records, brief as they are, are already splendid; and of these they have exclusive possession. They

— hold the gorgeous *West* in fee.

European writers will never do full justice to the America of the past. It requires, indeed, a mind very well informed and free from prejudice to do justice to the America of the present.

Records of New England life form the most picturesque portion of American annals. The use of these for purposes of Art has been abundantly proved by Hawthorne and other writers. That stern, cold Calvinism which the Puritan carried with him over sea had such opportunity for development as had not elsewhere been afforded it. After a "terrible childbed" and a youth soured and hardened by persecution, the Puritan found himself the possessor of authority. He could visit upon others the sufferings he had long endured; and nothing in the religion he professed restrained him from so natural, if so illogical, a retaliation. Hence the persecution of the witches and that of the Quakers, of which Cotton Mather has left us so strange and full a record, were unexampled.

The time when Puritan government was at its height in New England has been chosen by Mr. Longfellow for illustration. Of the two dramas to which he has given the title of 'The New England Tragedies,' one is occupied with the persecution of the Quakers, the other with that of witches. In both the scene is laid in Boston. Both dramas are to a certain extent experiments in metre. They are written in blank verse, smooth and flexible in structure; and no prose is employed. The most comic, or realistic, utterances are all in verse, and very realistic some of them are. One is almost dismayed at being asked to accept as poetry such phrases as —

— the boys  
Made such an uproar in the gallery,  
I could not keep them quiet;

or —

If you want fiddling, you must go elsewhere —  
To the Green Dragon, and the Admiral Vernon,  
And to other such disreputable places;

or —

KEMPTHORN. Ralph, I am under bonds for a  
hundred pound.

GOLDSMITH. Hard lines. What for?

In passages of serious interest, however,

Mr. Longfellow's blank verse is very happy; full of melody and strength.

'Endicott,' the first of the two dramas, is ushered in by a prologue in verse. This is partly explanatory and partly apologetic, as may be seen from the following extract: —

Nor let the Historian blame the Poet here,  
If he perchance misdate the day or year,  
And group events together, by his art,  
That in the chronicles lie far apart;  
For as the double-stars, though sundered far,  
Seem to the naked eye a single star,  
So facts of history, at a distance seen,  
Into one common point of light convene.  
"Why touch upon such themes?" perhaps some

friend

May ask, incredulous; "and to what good end? Why drag again into the light of day The errors of an age long passed away?" I answer: "For the lesson that they teach; The tolerance of opinion and of speech. Hope, Faith, and Charity remain,—these three; And greatest of them all is Charity."

Let us remember, if these words be true, That unto all men Charity is due; Give what we ask; and pity, while we blame, Lest we become co-partners in the shame. Lest we condemn, and yet ourselves partake, And persecute the dead for conscience sake.

Therefore it is the author seeks and strives To represent the dead as in their lives, And lets at times his characters unfold Their thoughts in their own language, strong and bold:

He only asks of you to do the like; To hear him first, and, if you will, then strike.

The drama follows the fate of Wenlock Christison and his daughter Edith. Penal enactments were in the year of the play, 1665, in force against the Quakers. Christison had already been banished from the city under penalty of death. Moved, however, by irresistible impulse, he returns at the moment when the fanatic zeal of Norton, a preacher, has inflamed to violence the weak governor Endicott. All who are concerned with government, whether of Church or State, participate in persecutions of the Quakers, and the people, though they mutter discontent, are not ready for action in their behalf. Very simple is the plot of the drama, its entire interest being concentrated in the sufferings meekly borne by Edith and the portentous warnings uttered by her father. Scarcely any commonplace or sentimental interest is attempted. Mr. Longfellow has seen that love passages would scarcely blend with the horrors he has to chronicle. In one of his dramas, accordingly, there is no suggestion of love; and in that before us, though John Endi-

cott, the son of the Governor, is moved to compassion by the sight of Edith's sufferings, there is no interchange whatever of love-talk, no breathing of passion. The drama opens in the meeting-house wherein Norton is preaching. Edith, barefooted and clad in sackcloth, enters, and is rebuked by the minister for her presence and speech. She is expelled from the building, and Norton seizes the occasion to urge Endicott to stronger measures against the heretics. Awhile the Governor wavers: —

Four already have been slain;  
And others banished upon pain of death.  
But they come back again to meet their doom,  
Bringing the linen for their winding-sheets.  
We must not go too far. In truth I shrink  
From shedding of more blood. The people  
murmur  
At our severity.

He is soon stimulated, however, to such cruelty as brings about the catastrophe. Edith, and subsequently Christison, are brought before the Council. Edith is sentenced to be whipped in public in three towns; Christison is condemned to death. The execution of the former sentence is completed, and Edith, after undergoing it, is thrust forth into the wilderness, whether she is followed by John Endicott. Christison's life is saved by the arrival from England of a royal despatch, depriving the Governor of power further to molest or punish the Quakers. The play ends with the death of all those who had taken part in the persecution. Their speedy death, and, to a certain extent, its manner, had been foretold by Christison.

There is very little that is dramatic in 'Endicott' besides the form. It is, of course, altogether unsuited for representation. In one or two scenes a measure of dramatic force is given to the dialogue. In the trial scene of Christison the old man's responses to his judges are very fine and spirited. The characterization is generally good. Scarcely one of the *dramatis personæ* but stands before us visible and recognizable, yet all are painted with few touches. Governor Endicott is the most elaborately-painted portrait. He is by no means the most successful.

'Giles Corey of the Salem Farms' is a stronger and far more tragical story than 'Endicott.' It tells how, upon the testimony of the "afflicted children," those of highest position incurred charges of witchcraft. Some art is shown in the manner whereby the reader's mind is prepared for the catastrophe of the play. Cotton Mather, the historian of the persecutions,

is one of the *dramatis personæ*, acting in part as Chorus. As yet, the persecutions have touched those only whose age and helpless condition render them peculiarly liable to the charge of witchcraft. But emboldened by success, the "afflicted children" assail others higher in condition. Goodwife Bishop is first tried, and her condemnation is the doleful precursor to that of Goodwife Corey. Corey himself is a prosperous man, and a firm believer in witchcraft. When first discovered he is soliloquizing, while he nails a horseshoe over his door:—

The Lord hath prospered me. The rising sun  
Shines on my Hundred Acres and my woods  
As if he loved them. On a morn like this  
I can forgive mine enemies, and thank God  
For all his goodness unto me and mine.  
My orchard groans with russets and pears;  
My ripening corn shines golden in the sun;  
My barns are crammed with hay, my cattle  
thrive;

The birds sing blithely on the trees around me,  
And blither than the birds my heart within me!  
But Satan still goes up and down the earth;  
And to protect this house from his assaults,  
And keep the powers of darkness from my door,  
The horseshoe will I nail upon the threshold.

[*Nails down the horseshoe.*  
There, ye night-hags and witches that torment  
The neighbourhood, ye shall not enter here! —  
What is the matter in the field? — John Gloyd!  
The cattle are all running to the woods! —  
John Gloyd! Where is the man!

This flight of the cattle is the commencement of his misfortunes. His wife is arrested and tried for witchcraft. So given to brooding upon the subject are men's minds, that their conversation, serious and frivolous, is full of allusions to the terrible theme. When Corey is in the witness-box, speaking the truth as a conscientious, God-fearing man, he finds words harmlessly spoken wrested till they receive most harmful and dolorous significance. His wife is found guilty of witchcraft, his own evidence being largely conducive to her conviction. He is himself tried for the same offence. Conscious how his words may be misinterpreted, he refuses to speak. For his contumacy he is sentenced to be pressed to death. With the carrying out of this sentence, and the utterance of some vaticinations by Cotton Mather, the play ends. It is more dramatic than its predecessor. The scene in which Martha Corey is tried is strong and well wrought. Corey's protestations, Martha's denunciations of the system by which she is to suffer, and the ravings of Mary, one of the "afflicted chil-

dren," form together a scene of great power and pathos.

These dramas are worthy of Mr. Longfellow's reputation, to which, however, they can hardly add much. The excellence of the poet's art detracts, to a certain extent, from their interest. Puritanical forms of speech are not altogether suited to the purposes of the drama. Gospel phrases in the mouths of Quakers are less effective than Old-Testament illustrations in the mouth of a Jew. Hence the dramas want colour. Nor do they gain any advantage from the lyrical gift of Mr. Longfellow, which, without being of the highest order, is yet great. We would give many pages of blank verse such as is here employed for one stanza out of 'The Golden Legend' like the following:—

Come back! ye friendships long departed!  
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,  
And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun.

We cannot but fancy that the long study of Dante which preceded Mr. Longfellow's translation has influenced his style and his thoughts. We seem to trace this influence, not only in his individual images or ideas, but in the style of illustration he employs. Compare, for instance, the six following lines, and the image they contain, with the illustration of the lark, "Qual alodata, che in aere si spazia," in the twentieth canto of the 'Paradiso':—

And as the flowing of the ocean fills  
Each creek and branch thereof, and then retires,  
Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome savor;  
So doth the virtue and the life of God  
Flow evermore into the hearts of those  
Whom he hath made partakers of his nature.

The lines in the 'Paradiso' are thus translated by Mr. Longfellow:—

Like as a lark that in the air expatiates,  
First singing, and then silent with content  
Of the last sweetness that doth satisfy her,  
Such seemed to me the image of the imprint  
Of the eternal pleasure, by whose will  
Doth everything become the thing it is.

We do not know whether this passage is enough to justify us, in the reader's opinion, in attributing an influence upon Mr. Longfellow's style to his study of Dante. We could point in this work to many other instances of slight, but not insignificant, resemblance to the method of the great poet he has translated.

From Belgravia.

PLAYING AT PLEASURE.

"Do these people enjoy this?" The question startled me, coming as it did like an echo of the thought in my own mind. Perhaps also because it was out of tone or keeping with the scene; for we were on the croquet-lawn, at sunset, the young and pretty players looking younger and still more charming in the rosy light, and those watching the game strolling about in groups or resting on the rustic seats, chatting and laughing pleasantly. The calmness and serenity of the summer evening conduced to pleasurable emotions, and we were pleased. We persuaded ourselves of that. We told one another so, for fear there should be any mistake about it; and yet — well, the least little yawn was now and then perceptible in a fair face, and a furtive glance at a watch from time to time was suggestive that the sound of the dinner-bell would not be wholly unwelcome. So I had already begun to speculate whether young girls are born to croquet as the sparks fly upward; whether one and all find it a source of unalloyed gratification; whether beatitude is necessarily realised by the looker-on; and so forth, when the pertinent question set down above was whispered in my ear.

Happily, an answer was impossible. At that very moment the bell, so long anticipated, rang, and at the very first sound my querist rose and left me. His example was contagious. The players threw down their mallets; the game was left in any state. One blushing girl alone lingered, detained by a youth of ardent eyes, and cheek as girlish as her own, to settle some technicality having reference to "spooning." All the rest went, and in five minutes the ground was almost deserted. This latter fact had its significance, I decided, when I came to think over the matter after dinner. A game so hastily abandoned could hardly have had any strong hold on the players or those who saw it played. Certainly it appeared to amuse; but did it? It seemed to afford pleasure; but was that so? After all, isn't croquet, as a rule, one of those make-believe devices by which society tries to cheat itself out of sheer inanity and intolerable *ennui*? In a word, isn't the pursuit of it half the time simply and honestly a mere playing at pleasure?

This idea once started soon carried one beyond the limits of the croquet-lawn. It was impossible not to reflect on the inflictions those in society go through, and the fatigue they sustain, in keeping up a fiction of enjoyment, and a ghastly semblance of

being pleased. Croquet may be taken as a representative thing in this respect. Everybody can't like the game, yet everybody must play at it or affect an interest in it. And what is true of this is true of much more important matters. Let us take music, for example. Now, what an enormous proportion of the lives of people in society is taken up in listening to music! They might be born for nothing else. There are the operas which, of course, must be attended. It would be Boeotian indeed not to know how Kellogg gave the "Ciascum lo disce" in the *Figlia* on Tuesday, or to be ignorant of the fact that Mario was hardly so crisp as usual on Thursday week. Besides, there is always a *débutante*, or a newly-discovered tenor, if not some fresh feature in the *répertoire*, to be sat in judgment upon. So the opera is inevitable. Then there are the great concerts at the houses of the nobility, which, as being invariably hot, crowded, and uncomfortable, are naturally the most *distingué* things out. Of the Musical Union, Philharmonic, and other society concerts there is literally no end. As to the Crystal Palace, it is simply a reservoir of music always on full flow throughout the season, and it must be visited again and again. These are a few, and only a few, of the forms in which music assails us. Now, a genuine love for music is by no means universal, especially among the English. It must result from a natural taste or gift comparatively rare, developed by assiduous culture. Knowledge must precede taste, and taste enjoyment. I grant that most people like to hear a pretty melody; but pretty melodies are not music. A taste for them doesn't qualify one to understand and enjoy Schubert or to enter with enthusiasm into Wagner's designs on the musical future. So it happens that half the music people are compelled to sit out must be unintelligible "sound and fury" to two-thirds of them. It can inspire no intelligible appreciation, and afford no real enjoyment. The select few who have studied music as a science, and whose talk is of "progressions," "resolutions," "consecutive fifths," and the rest of it, no doubt feel the raptures they express. People of fair musical gifts and decent education may derive a certain degree of satisfaction in listening to a classical composition, the work of a great master, even in that rarefied atmosphere where music impinges on mathematics; but for the rest, the mass of those who frequent the opera-house and the concert-room, what gratification can they experience? Simply none. They are there because it is a right thing to be there. They

listen because others listen. They affect to be critical, or to seem satisfied, just as it may happen. But they have really no heart in the matter. They are simply playing at pleasure.

Much the same thing happens in respect to picture-galleries. Since the fashion came up, fostered by the late Prince Consort, everybody must affect a taste for art. It is at least indispensable that one should see the Academy Exhibition, and do something in the way of private views, to say nothing of mauldering about in Suffolk-street and elsewhere. Very nice, pleasant, even improving to those who really care for this kind of thing, and bring any knowledge, technical or otherwise, to bear upon it. But how many do care or know anything about art? The majority see pictures as a child sees them, and with about as much appreciation of their real claims to excellence. They lack the innate faculty of apprehension, and education has done little or nothing to supply the deficiency. An artist can hardly credit that a good picture can be looked at without an instinctive sense of its beauty. No? But he has to learn that *it is* so. He is doomed to experience again and again that heart-sickness which comes over the poet when his verse falls on dead ears; when his rhythmic cadences charm not, his studied felicities are unmarked, and his most delicate conceits kindle no sympathetic glow of appreciation. The poet has only one advantage. Harsh and rugged stolidity will sometimes admit that it has no taste for the music of Apollo's lute; but every lout believes himself a born art-critic. The truth is, that the power of finding real enjoyment in poetry, in music, and in artistic productions is literally a "gift." There is no other word that expresses it. The coarsest natures are sometimes thus gifted; the most delicate lack the indescribable something which they find others possessing. How far education may sometimes supply the deficiencies of Nature is a point on which I will not enter. Certain it is that it often fails to do so; and what is the result? Pictures surfeit. Good and bad are looked at without discrimination. The familiar has that feeble hold on the mind which consist in *vraisemblance*. Colour tells as colour in the draper's window tells. The vacuous stare results in the wearied brain. Kaleidoscopic effect culminates in vertigo. So tired, so jaded, so inexpressibly bored, the unsympathetic visitor drags through the purgatory of art; but ever with the set smile of approval, the simper of gratification, the rigid muscular expression of extreme critical appreciativeness and en-

joyment proper to this form of playing at pleasure.

These examples are sufficient to illustrate my position; they might be multiplied to any extent. What the old French chronicler said of our ancestors, "These English amuse themselves sadly," is strikingly true of the present day. Sadly enough do thousands of us drag through the weary rounds society has marked out for us, nursing the delusion that we are amused, refreshed, gratified, or receive compensation in some form or other. The compensation may only be prospective, as in the case of a friend of mine whom I found playing at whist when he should have been dancing. "What, you like cards!" I remarked. "Like them!" he ejaculated with a sneer, "no, my boy; but one must cultivate a resource for one's old age." He was provident, for his years numbered only twenty-five!

On the general question of the follow-my-leader nature of our amusements, it is satisfactory to be able to add that England does not stand alone in this respect. That the French enjoy themselves more than the English there can be little question. They are more sprightly, vivacious, light-hearted, and more easily *really* pleased. Yet they go through a good deal of wearisome make-believe enjoyment for all that. A French *salon* is not always "a little heaven below," as the novelists insist on representing it. As to the Americans, they run us very close in these hollow mockeries. They, like ourselves, are bound to enjoy that which it is the proper thing to enjoy. I was speaking to an eminent tragedian the other day on his experience of the States, particularly in respect to high-class drama. Ristori's name was mentioned. "Has she a public in America?" I asked. "Certainly: draws crowded houses." "Of the best people, of course?" "The very best. The fashionables throng to hear the great Italian." "And they sit out the performances?" "Yes." "They enjoy them, then?" "I don't know: *they sit*." Just our English experience in respect to Ristori, repeated of late in the smaller matter of the French plays at the St. James's. In single hand-to-hand encounters with *ennui*, in the name of pleasure, the Americans are rather happy. Their national habit of whittling is an example in point. There can be no real pleasure in reducing a stick to chips, but the whittler sets an object before himself, and trifling as that object is, the realisation of it yields him enjoyment. This is the secret of the success of a new American game which is to be all the rage this winter, though a more

idiotic form of amusement has never been devised. It is called "Planchette." Why so called, nobody knows or cares. This game — it is sometimes used by spiritualists, who think they get revelations through it; but it is chiefly resorted to for amusement — is played in this way. You secure a heart-shaped piece of wood a quarter of an inch thick. On the broad end are to be screwed two pantograph wheels — that is, wheels which will revolve freely in every direction. Through a hole in the narrower end or point of the heart, a lead-pencil is thrust point downwards. The wheels and the pencil support the heart-shaped wood as a stool is supported on three legs. Now for the amusement. Sit down at a table, two of you. Stand Planchette between you on a sheet of paper. Place your hands lightly on the instrument, as you sit opposite one another; do not press or push, or make any intentional movement with your hands. Sit and wait. And what will happen? Why, if the players are of a highly-nervous organisation, they will by involuntary muscular action cause the pencil to produce scratches on the paper having the semblance of words. Enthusiasts say that real words are produced; but enthusiasts will say anything. And if after a long wearisome sitting a word should be hatched, what of it? Where is the satisfaction? Surely, on the strength of Planchette, the most drivelling of all devices for wasting time in the name of amusement, we English may fairly consider ourselves distanced, and ought gracefully to yield the palm to the Americans, as experts in that dreariest of human occupations — playing at pleasure.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

From The Spectator.

MR. KIRK'S CHARLES THE BOLD. VOL. III.\*

MR. KIRK paints on a larger canvas as he approaches the conclusion of his work. This third and last volume of his history embraces little more than two years, from the late autumn of 1474 to the 12th of January, 1477, when, six days after his last battle, Charles was buried in front of the high altar of the Church of St. George in Nancy. We do not think that Mr. Kirk takes too large a space for the story which he has to tell. The last act in the drama is indeed crowded with action of singular interest; there are sieges and battles to be related which hold no secondary place in

\* *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* By John Foster Kirk. Vol. III. London: John Murray. 1868.

European history; there is the fact of the wonderful military superiority of the Swiss, than which there is nothing more significant in the history of war; the central figure of Charles is never so heroic, and there is a tragical pathos, not easily to be matched, about the end, when the body of the bravest soldier in Europe was found in a frozen ditch, "stripped naked, horribly mangled, the cheek eaten away by wolves or famished dogs." And Mr. Kirk, as those who have read his former volumes will readily believe, is quite equal to his task. His style is, we think, somewhat wanting in taste, but it certainly is not wanting in graphic power. In ornamental description, in that, for instance, with which he opens this volume, he is not particularly happy; but when, so to speak, there is business to be done, he is all that can be wished. He can make his readers understand and, what is more, retain a distinct impression of a battle, and that is no very common achievement. Less skilful perhaps in describing character than incident, he is yet sufficiently successful. He always aims at impartiality, and often attains it. He shares with other historians of the day the merit of a laborious industry which their predecessors in the last generation had not even the opportunity of exercising. It is not easy to estimate the amount of labour which is implied by the modest announcement prefixed to this volume that "much of the material has been gathered from manuscript sources."

We have hinted that Mr. Kirk sometimes fails in impartiality. This is the almost universal defect of biographers, and it does something to counterbalance the unquestionable artistic advantages of the form of history which Mr. Kirk has chosen to adopt. It almost passes human power to resist the temptation to make the subject of a biography into a hero, to shape his proportions to an ideal perfection, to intensify the lights and to diminish the depths of the shadows, to blacken or to dwarf into foils of his brightness or greatness the other figures of the scene. Against this temptation Mr. Kirk does not stand altogether firm. He had a most legitimate work to do for the subject of his history, who had qualities as a soldier and a statesman and a nobleness of personal character that had never before had justice done to them. But he goes beyond this to plead his cause, not disingenuously indeed, yet with a certain spirit of advocacy. The general effect of this volume is to give a picture of an heroic man defending himself against unscrupulous enemies. Nor is this absolutely unfaithful

to the truth. Charles was in a way heroic; he was certainly defending himself; his enemies, French and Swiss, were sufficiently unscrupulous. But this impression ought, in justice, to be modified by a survey of his whole history. It was not, surely, without some reason that by common consent his neighbours and contemporaries called him "the Disturber." He had, as Mr. Kirk never seeks to conceal, schemes of conquest. These had been from his earliest days the ruling passion of his life, and the catastrophe of his end was their result. It may well be true, as our author thinks, "That the great rivalries and struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could never have raged so fiercely and so widely if there had stood between the two parties, instead of a crowd of minor wranglers, all feeding the flame, a third of equal greatness, holding the balance, interested in quenching the strife"; but the question is whether it was the part of a Duke of Burgundy to assume this position. Doubtless this was his ambition, the ambition to rise from the position of a great feudatory to that of a great sovereign; a man of supreme genius might have accomplished it even with the means that were at his command, but it was his lot to come into collision with powers that were too strong for him: with a consummate master of statecraft in Louis XI., and in the Swiss Confederacy with a military force by which his skill and valour were baffled, just as the dense solidity of the Theban infantry baffled the Athenian ambition at Delium and at Syracuse.

The course of modern history is to destroy at least as many characters as it restores. Thus Mr. Froude sacrificed a whole hecatomb of victims, the chivalrous Surrey at their head, for the sake of his hero Henry. And so whatever Charles gains by Mr. Kirk's statement the Swiss lose. They are no longer patriot soldiers, defending against an unscrupulous aggressor the independence of their mountain home; but mercenaries in the pay of the French King, and the most ruthless and unscrupulous of their kind, without any redeeming quality but a most splendid courage and tenacity. It seems impossible to resist the evidence which Mr. Kirk adduces upon this point. Not private men only, but the States themselves, were bought. Nor did they even attempt to deceive themselves as to the real character of the transaction. We read that "the Council of Berne repealed the regulation under which the statute against bribes was read yearly at the opening of their pro-

ceedings." At the same time, we doubt whether Mr. Kirk makes proper allowance for the circumstances of the Swiss people. Switzerland did but follow the law which has ruled every poor country, more fertile of men than of wealth. Arcadia was the Switzerland of Greece, and its mercenaries fought indifferently for Greek or barbarian. Scotland has played the same part in modern Europe. The Swiss fought for pay, because the trade in blood was the chief trade of those days. That trade has been spoilt by the more gigantic mercenary system of standing armies; but the same necessity still exists, and has still to be met. The overcrowded valleys of the Alps still send forth armies, not of fighters, but of valets, waiters, and traders.

The last period of Charles's history naturally divides itself into two parts. The year 1475 was not, on the whole, unfavourable to his cause. In the early summer he had inflicted two heavy blows on the Emperor's forces. Then came the grand diversion on which his best hopes were built. An English army, numbering 24,000 men, and better equipped than English army had ever been before, landed at Calais. Had Edward IV. had anything of the spirit of the last monarch of his name, it is impossible to say how the course of history might have been changed. But he had never been a man of commanding ability, and now he was nothing better than a worn-out and enervated profligate. After little more than two months the army returned to England, after an expedition than which there is certainly nothing more inglorious in English history. But though this resource had failed him, Charles, at the close of the year, was not in an unfavourable position. He was master of Lorraine, and Lorraine, the link between his Burgundian and his Flemish provinces, was, as Mr. Kirk observes, "the natural keystone of the arch on which he desired to build." But 1476 was a year of unmixed disaster. Three great armies, which he had collected with indefatigable energy, were shattered at Grandson, Morat, and Nancy successively against the wall of the Swiss infantry. The story of his fall is one of surpassing interest, and Mr. Kirk tells it very well. Though extracts hardly do justice to his merits, we will venture on a passage which gives us the last scene of all:—

"Charles saw himself stripped of both his wings, assailed at once on both his flanks. He has his choice between a rapid flight and a speedy death. Well, then—death! As he fastened his helmet, the golden lion in the crest became detached and fell to the ground. He

forbad it to be replaced. *Hoc est signum Dei!* 'It is a sign from God,'—he said. From God? Ah! yes, he knew now the hand that was laid upon him. Leading his troops he plunged into the midst of his foes, now closing in on every side. Among enemies and friends the recollection of his surpassing valour in that hour of perdition, after the last gleam of hope had vanished, was long preserved. Old men of Franche Comté were accustomed to tell how their fathers, tenants and followers of the Sire de Citey, had seen the Duke, his face streaming with blood, charging and recharging 'like a lion,' even in the thick of the combat, bringing help where the need was greatest. In Lorraine the same tradition existed. 'Had all his men,' says a chronicler of that province, 'fought with a like ardour, our army must infallibly have been repulsed.' But no; so engaged, so overmatched, what courage could have availed? 'The foot stood long and manfully,' is the testimony of a hostile eye-witness. But the final struggle, though obstinate, was short. Broken and dispersed, the men had no resource but flight. Some went eastward in the direction of Essey, such as gained the river crossing where the ice bore, and breaking it behind them. The greater number kept to the west of Nancy, to gain the road to Condé and Luxembourg. Charles, with the handful that still remained around him, followed in the same direction. The mass, both of fugitives and pursuers, was already far ahead. There was no choice now. Flight, combat, death—it was all one. Closing up, the little band of nobles, last relic of chivalry, charged into the centre of a body of foot. A halberdier swung his weapon, and brought it down on the head of Charles. He reeled in the saddle. Citey flung his arms round him and steadied him, receiving while so engaged a thrust from a spear through the parted joints of his corslet. Pressing on, still fighting, still hemmed in, they dropped one by one. Charles's page, a Roman of the ancient family of Colonna, rode a little behind, a gilt helmet hanging from his saddle-bow. He kept his eye upon his master—saw him surrounded, saw him at the edge of a ditch, saw his horse stumble, the rider fall."

This was on Sunday, January the 6th. For the next twenty-four hours his fate remained unknown, but on the evening of Monday, Colonna guided to the spot a party among whom were some "surest to recognize the form—Matthew, the Portuguese physician, a valet-de-chambre, and a 'laundress' who had prepared the baths of the fallen prince." . . . They come to the ditch. Many bodies lie on the edge—at the bottom lies another body—"short, but thick-set and well-membered." It is in a worse plight than the rest, is frightfully mangled.

"They stoop and examine. The nails, never pared, are 'longer than any other man's.' Two teeth are gone—through a fall years ago. There are other marks—a fistula in the groin, in the neck a scar left by the sword-thrust received at Monthéry. The men turn pale, the woman shrieks and throws herself upon the body! 'My Lord of Burgundy! my Lord of Burgundy!' Yes, this is he—the 'Great Duke,' the destroyer of Liège, the 'terror of France.'"

It is not because we wish to detract from the merits of a valuable book, that we point out some blemishes in the style. Mr. Kirk is sometimes too grand, as when, for instance, he apostrophizes the Alps or his *dramatis personæ*; and sometimes he is almost vulgar. Thus the expression "cornered" used of a man in difficulties is unquestionably a vulgarism. But these are trifling faults, which a little care will correct in what Mr. Kirk may do hereafter. We shall be glad to know that a writer who has so many of the historian's gifts is at work.

From The London Review.

#### DR. NEWMAN'S SERMONS.\*

SERMONS are generally accounted dull reading, but the short discourses which are reprinted under the above heading must be excepted from the category of common homilies. The charm of a transparent style, and the graces of a kind of logic consistent at least with its own principles, give to all that Dr. Newman writes an interest over and above that which many persons might be inclined to attach to his subjects. Pulpit eloquence is, as a rule, undistinguished by either originality or elegance. Clergymen excuse themselves for being dull by saying that they must first be orthodox, and give as an apology for slippshod language, that grave matters of doctrine should not be presented with any of the foppishness of literary composition. Dr. Newman does not follow this fashion. To him the Spiritual Life is something so intensely real and true, that he never cares to wrap his views about it either in texts or platitudes. He is ready to stand by his opinions, but he never recognises the alternative of falling by them. He speaks to worldlings with a certain and assured voice, and tells them of God's ordinances as distinctly as if he were instructing them in the truths of chemistry. This manner is, in a

\* Parochial and Plain Sermons. By John Henry Newman, B.D., formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. In Eight Volumes. Vol. V. New Edition. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

literary aspect, sound art. The great work of Thomas à Kempis owes its attractiveness to a similar cause. If Dr. Newman ever descends from his high level to appeal to scepticism, for example, it is with a proud and firm consciousness of possessing an advantage by faith, to which, if scepticism is indifferent, so much the worse for it. He never either bans or blesses. He displays a singular analytical power in dealing with motives of action, which, considering the retired nature of his career, evinces a great intuitive perception of character. We believe Thackeray once said of him that were he not a great monk he would have been a great satirist. It is easy to see from what source, Thackeray could have derived the notion. Throughout all Dr. Newman's writings, and in the sermons now before us, delivered at the commencement of his preaching, there is an utter absence of commonplace sensibility or enthusiasm. Combined with this speciality, we find a most uncompromising candour in detailing the weaknesses and feelings of creatures, and a tone, or rather an under-current of something akin to mockery when contrasting the things of earth with those of heaven. In fact, to his mind, man should simply be a worshipping animal, with every faculty, impulse, and sentiment trained that he should pray at once with submission and vigour. He has no right to waste his emotions upon art; those emotions were given as suggestive powers for active virtues; he should fear nothing but God, he should love nothing but God, he should hope for nothing but the beatific vision. All this is put before us, not with the wearisome iteration of the town or country parson indigenous to the Church, but with a scholarly neatness and emphasis which we seldom meet with in modern books.

In a sermon upon "Reverence, a Belief in God's Presence," Dr. Newman treats the subject of religious fear in a manner which might be of service to a good many clergymen. It has often struck us that there are few professed infidels, or "materialists," as they are ignorantly called, who are as impious as church-going people. The former, at least, when alluding to the Deity, do not forget the tremendous interests in which He is involved and concerned; the latter approach Him with a shocking familiarity which it is difficult to describe without being irreverent by an illustration. The notions of God prevalent amongst the poor, and amongst many of the rich, would be ludicrous if they were not horrible. And yet the persons who entertain them go on their knees from day to day, sending up

petitions based upon their conception of a Being of whom they have the meanest and most insulting comprehension. Dr. Newman justly indeed complains of "the familiarity with which many persons address our Lord in prayer, applying epithets to Him, and adopting a strain of language which does not befit creatures, not to say sinners." Again, he finds fault with "the introduction in speaking or writing of serious and solemn words for the sake of effect, to round or to give dignity to a sentence." At first sight this latter correction might seem hypercritical, and would seem to suggest an instruction in holy fear so perfect that the student might think it best to be dumb altogether; but Dr. Newman evidently refers to those ministers of words rather than of the Gospel, who make angels as well as old women weep with their unctuous pronunciation of Mesopotamia. Cowper has drawn a picture of these gentlemen which might stand as typical of half a dozen Pimlico and Belgravian favourites of the present time.

The absence of an active fear is to be attributed to an imperfect realization of God's presence. We should, writes Dr. Newman, possess this fear if we saw Him. We should not speak to Him familiarly, peremptorily, or in unreal words, or address him in unseemly postures. Neither, it may be added, should we sing hymns to a harmonium accompaniment led off by squalling charity boys, or be seen putting coins into a bag handed round to pay for wax-candles, and incense from Rimmel's. Men "certainly lack in their religion at present an external restraint arising from the consciousness of God's presence," but their outward devotion is not less a devotion that, if the miracle of a Visible Presence were repeated, it might be extinguished by a supreme dread. The Israelites who heard Him thunder from Sinai, and manifest Himself in their journey through the Wilderness, were as reckless and as wrong-headed (stifnecked) a people as ever lived. Dr. Newman shows a kind of impatience with ordinary people for not sharing his own intense consciousness of God's presence in the world; but he should not forget that this consciousness is partly an intellectual gift — to him a gift at least — which he owes in no small degree to a poetical instinct and fancy which is as uncommon as the accomplishment of writing and inventing such a poem as "Geronius."

*God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.* On this text Dr. Newman preaches, perhaps, the most characteristic sermon in the volume. He

starts off with offering the condition of Adam as an excuse for asceticism. "Adam was a hermit, whether he would or no." True; but does not this very circumstance that God made him such, point out to us what is our true happiness, if we were given it, which we are not? Adam, to be sure, was a hermit; but then we learn it was not good for him to be alone, and Eve, a hermitess, came on the scene. Adam, taken by himself, cannot be accepted as Dr. Newman insists, "as in type what our perfection is." We are not taught that Adam retired from Eve to pray by himself, which is the custom of hermits. Dr. Newman follows up his line of speculation by enumerating the various recluses who have kept apart from their fellow-creatures, but we think in his first instance at least he has not given us a notable precedent. Children also resemble Adam, writes Dr. Newman. Adam was fenced off from the world, fenced off even from himself; we, in like manner, are fenced off from our childhood's recollections and feelings. This view is not at all above criticism (for instance there was no *world* in the real sense, in the sense as we understand the word, outside Paradise), but it is not respectful enough to the author of these discourses to judge them too nearly with a sectarian microscope. With all their beauties and attractions they are sermons, and as such must be allowed a great deal of independent reach and scope, untrammelled by those argumentative checks which are fittingly imposed upon writers and speakers who treat mundane and material subjects.

Some one reviewing Dr. Newman's poems, we believe in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, applied to them Goethe's title of the history of a beautiful soul. We might use the same words in speaking of this volume. The noble sincerity of the preacher, and his classical reserve of diction, the poise and justness of the few ornaments with which he decorates his discussions, and, above all, their touching and profound faith, must win the admiration and respect of every one who reads them.

From The Spectator, 24 Oct.

#### THE CHANCES IN SPAIN.

IT is difficult for average Englishmen even to form an opinion on the course of events in Spain. Their previous knowledge of the country, never very extensive, is felt to be useless in presence of a national revolt against priests and Bourbons, and they receive none of the aid on which they have been accustomed to rely. The special

correspondents hitherto despatched to Madrid are, without an exception, total failures, — men who conceal profound ignorance as to the progress of events and the movements of opinion under long descriptions of trumpery street displays. Who wants to know how umbrellas looked when Salustiano Olozaga entered Madrid, or what was the order of the procession which received him? What is wanted is an account, as accurate as may be, of the movement of opinion in Spain, of the political forces at work, of the ideas supported by the principal leaders, of the men, or committees, or institutions really exercising the *ad interim* power, — points upon which the correspondents are either ignorant or so reserved as to be useless. Why, for example, are the elections to be so long delayed? What hope have the leaders of controlling those elections? How far will the Cortes be an independent body? To whom is it likely to render obedience, and why? These are the points on which information is required, and the correspondents leave them all to repeat hackneyed trash about the gentlemanly loafers of Madrid, their ways and their poverty, their love for garlic and their eagerness for official employ. For once Reuter is more useful than the correspondents, for his telegrams do at least record official acts without bewildering verbiage, and it is possible to collect from them some faint idea of the progress of affairs. Reasoning from that basis, we should say that the readiness of the people to acquiesce in a Republic had greatly increased during the week, that time is telling on the Republican side and not on the side of constitutionalism, and that the chiefs of the movement perceive this clearly and are hesitating. It is true that Olozaga, believed in Spain to be her ablest civilian, has pronounced in favour of monarchy; but he does not proclaim, he only proposes, this solution; while Prim, who was much more decided, now explains that he will respect the national verdict, whatever that may be. Whether the Chiefs are themselves convinced of the advantages inherent in monarchy, or are yielding, as many believe, to foreign influence, the absence of a presentable candidate is a terrible embarrassment to them, an embarrassment which, unless the Cortes is very amenable to control, may prove fatal to their plans. Monarchy needs a monarch, and the Directory has no monarch to offer except some unknown person on whom Parliament may decide, who may then refuse the crown, and who, if he accepts, is only to educate the people till they are qualified to manage a Republic. A monarch of that kind is not

the sort of figure to which even Spaniards bow in reverence, and it is by no means certain that even that figure is attainable. It is difficult to conceive of a Coburg declining a throne, but King Ferdinand seems to have refused one, and apparently without *arrière pensée*. The Duchess of Montpensier has a party, but the Duchess is as bigoted as her sister, and not half so able. Protestant Princes will hardly be selected, the Orleans family is vetoed by the Emperor of the French, and Spain, if she takes a King at all, must apparently go about begging to some little known German, who probably will not be able to speak Spanish, must place herself at the feet of some ignorant schoolboy whose single recommendation is that the race he springs from is visibly effete. Spanish pride is not gratified at that prospect, and the very difficulty of finding a King drives the thoughts of the people back upon the idea of a Republic. The moment the magical charm is broken and the matter brought to the test of reason, the moment it is seen that human society can exist without kings, that the pyramid will stand without a statue at the top, the democratic idea takes root, the objections begin to disappear, and a Republic is seen to be one of the arrangements in which it is possible to acquiesce. Acquiescence, dignified with high-sounding epithets, is the usual feeling of the multitude in every nation towards its government.

It is the custom of Englishmen, who never cordially believe in any form of government but their own, to assume as an axiom that a Republic would not suit Spain, but it is very difficult to perceive a reason for that assumption. A Republic of the French pattern, we admit, might be a very dangerous experiment, for the Presidency would soon be all-powerful, and the Army would probably elect the depositary of power. But the same objection does not exist to a Federal Republic. Spain is, of all countries in the world, the one in which provincial feeling is strongest, in which communes, cities, and provinces have retained most fully the habit of separate action. The moment the people are let alone they organize provincial and municipal juntas or committees by election, and, when elected, obey them very strictly. Their natural and almost irrepressible tendency is to appoint a committee for each commune, a larger committee for each province, and a central committee for the whole country, adding generally some popular chief as head of the Executive. Why not formulize and restrict that system, change

the provinces, in fact, into States, let each organize its own guard, and leave to the central power only a defined right of taxation and control? No military chief could attack such an arrangement if once in working order, for each province would be a new centre of resistance and beyond coercion by the Army, even if the Army were kept up. It must not be forgotten that all-powerful as the Army may be while it lasts, its reduction is always easy, the conscripts welcoming a decree which sends them home to their cottages as a delightful release. The first reward decreed by Prim to his soldiery was a shortened term of service. Throughout the history of Spain, in this very movement itself, the tendency has been for the provinces to close in upon the centre, not for the centre to propel motion through the provinces. In France, Paris revolts and the departments follow; but in Spain the departments revolt and Madrid endorses their decree. There may be reasons familiar to Spaniards which render any such experiment dangerous, but it is strange that they produce none. The Juntas, elected as it were by instinct, see no such danger. The great cities do not see it. Catalonia—Scotland of Spain—does not see it; or Aragon, or Biscay. Olozaga himself only says that a Republic would be premature, and Prim has promised when the Cortes meets to resign power into its hands. The solitary reason advanced in public for re-establishing the throne is the fear lest a Republic should be unable to protect property; but why should it be unable, any more than a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions? A strong chief is always a source of strength, but what extra power does a lay figure bring to the Cabinet supposed to be sitting under his presidency? If there is a monarch, it is admitted Olozaga will be Premier, and Prim Minister at War; and suppose Olozaga is called Protector, what additional danger to property is there in that?

But may there not be a secret reason compelling the Chiefs of the Revolution to abstain from proposing a Republic, a threat, for example, from the Emperor of the French? That is probable enough, for a Republic on his frontier would be decidedly inconvenient to Napoleon; but why should that reason weigh heavily with the people of Spain? Napoleon might be and would be displeased, but he could not invade the Peninsula merely to impose on her a form of government which France has herself shaken off. With Prussia waiting the hour, Italy thirsting for Rome, and all Spain in arms for her independence, such an expedi-

tion would be an act of madness, even if desired by France at large; and there is not the slightest evidence that France is anxious to interfere, or has any prejudice in favour of a government which most Frenchmen condemn as an "exceedingly illogical compromise." Invasion is out of the question, and short of invasion what has Spain to fear beyond the temporary loss of an "influence" in Paris she can very well do without? We doubt if menaces from Paris will weigh heavily with the Cortes, while they will, if once made audible to the people, enlist on the side of the Republic the well-known pride of the Spanish temperament, perhaps produce a burst of enthusiasm sufficient to make any other form of government impossible. We quite admit that the masses of Spain are not Republican in any decided sense; that if Olozaga has a decent candidate for the throne ready, and can bring him into Madrid, and can obtain any sort of plébiscite in his favour, most Spaniards will acquiesce; but if time is allowed to pass, and liberty of speech continues, and province can hear from province, and city call to city, the Cortes may yet decline the humiliating task Napoleon wishes it to commence; may refuse to beg to be governed, and begin governing for itself, either as a sovereign Senate, or, better still, as the supreme but limited head of many representative bodies. No Englishman can venture to predict the course of Spanish events, but it is becoming clear even to Englishmen that the policy of delay is by no means favourable to the cause of constitutional monarchy. The absence of a fitting candidate may, of course, only tend to secure the election of a Spaniard, but it is much more likely to embolden the cities to demand a federation, and it is the cities, and not the villages, which impose their will in revolutionary times.

From *The Spectator*, 24 Oct.

MR. GLADSTONE ON AMERICA.

MR. GLADSTONE missed a great opportunity on Thursday. The single incident in his career which his followers would gladly forget, and which every now and then suggests a doubt whether his Liberalism is world-wide, is the attitude he assumed towards the Southern rebellion. He believed that it would succeed, that a slave empire could be founded, that it was possible to elevate a caste of slaveholders into a nation, that in fact, as he said, the work had been accomplished, and he expressed his belief as if in some way it

brought him pleasure. His speech upon the subject gave deeper offence to English Liberals than even to the Americans, for it suggested that there was at least one subject upon which the moral vision of their leader, usually so clear, was dimmed by prejudice; one corner of his mind in which his sympathies for the oppressed, usually so despotic, were not dominant; one region of politics in which his foresight, usually so keen, was arrested by some failure in his mind. He has, we doubt not, since then received light, has perceived not only, as he says, the enormous energy nations derive from extending popular privilege, but the enormous suffering which any compromise with slavery, any tolerance for that supreme wickedness, brings even upon States otherwise wisely organized; but he should have taken the opportunity afforded him by the banquet to Mr. Reverdy Johnson to announce the change, and clear his political character from its solitary stain, to prove that there was no point upon which men who love freedom could regard Mr. Disraeli as superior to himself. He did not do it. He made, indeed, an excellent speech, full of kindness towards the Union and its representatives, and admitted that the war had taught him much; but he did not say, what we are certain he fully believes, that the war proved to a demonstration the great truth that no free state can in this generation be based on human slavery,—that the system is, in his own words, about a much milder servitude, "a deliberate negation of God." It is conceivable that his reticence may have proceeded from an exaggerated courtesy towards Mr. Reverdy Johnson as a Marylander, or from a mere reluctance to enter at such a banquet upon a personal topic; but it has disappointed, not to say wounded, some of his best supporters, and we shall be delighted to find that before the election comes on the ill-timed silence has been amply explained. Even had slavery not been in question, Mr. Gladstone's false estimate of American forces would have been a blunder; but it was one committed by politicians as sagacious as himself, by one, for example, as coldly watchful as the Emperor of the French. No apology was needful for a error so widely spread, but sympathy with slavery is a mental taint of which a leader almost worshipped by English Liberals, and worshipped for the sincerity of his belief in freedom and in man, ought to avow himself wholly free.

For the rest, the banquet was a success. Liverpool would much rather the South had won, but the dinner was free from all

trace of that feeling, even Mr. Laird, to whose conduct the discord between America and England is mainly due, maintaining a judicious silence. Mr. Johnson dwelt a little too emphatically perhaps upon the common origin, language, literature, and so on, which did not prevent South and North from hating one another very heartily, and hating one another very hard; but Lord Stanley displayed a genuine anxiety to reconcile the two countries, and it is pleasant to hear officially that of three subjects in dispute two have been arranged, and the third may be settled within the next few weeks. The dispute about the right to St. Juan, which most Englishmen have forgotten, but which, like all boundary disputes, was very dangerous, is happily at an end; and the supposed variance as to the right of citizens to transfer their allegiance never existed at all. Englishmen and Americans are unanimously agreed upon the matter, and their judgment needs only a formal registration. Nothing remains except to settle the penalty to be inflicted on this country by Mr. Laird, and even upon this Mr. Johnson hoped negotiation would go on merrily, and Lord Stanley hinted that a result might be attained before he quitted power. A perfectly satisfactory result is, of course, hopeless, for Mr. Laird cannot be fined in the amount of damage inflicted by the *Alabama*; but any result which would close the sore without tarnishing the national honour would be acceptable alike to this country and the Union; and the electors of Birkenhead have it in their power to supplement the failures of the law. Indeed, even if they do not, Mr. Laird is almost sufficiently punished by that irony of circumstance which made him, so proud as he was of the *Alabama*, a guest at a banquet given to the representative of the power he had tried to crush, an eager listener to the speech in which a British Minister claimed as his highest credit, his pleasantest reward, to have cured one part of the evil caused by the achievements of that ship. The Member for Birkenhead, we may be sure, did not join in the laughter with which the audience, as Mr. Johnson cleverly avoided naming the "*Alabama* claims," expressed their appreciation at once of his courtesy in victory, and of the grim humour of the scene.

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#### CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WHILST Spain is involved in revolution, a powerful party in the United States is strongly urging President Johnson to seize

the opportunity for an acquisition of Cuba. The Republicans, on their part, deprecate that course decidedly. They brand the filibustering proposition, such as it has cropped up in some Southern journals, as an infamous one; and they will not hear of an annexation of the island by purchase. All they contend for is, that the Union ought to enter into the most friendly intercourse with the Provisional Government of Spain, so that its voice might make itself heard effectually in favour of an entire and immediate abolition of that cruel system of human bondage which has hitherto disgraced Spanish dominion in the "Pearl of the Antilles."

The fact of those malcontents in Cuba who aim at the overthrow of the Spanish yoke having hitherto remained quiet, may appear a strange one, seeing that the island is honeycombed by secret associations, especially on its southern side. There are, however, it seems, a number of such societies with very different tendencies, antagonistic to each other; and this may partly account for the present outward calm. There are those who aim simply at independence, and there are those who have a junction with the United States in view — under the condition, of course, or, at least, in the secret hope, that the "peculiar institution" of the South would be revived one day in some form or other. There is the Creole party, moreover, with its jealousy of the full-bred Spaniard; and there is the slave element, in which ideas of emancipation have become ripe. Thus there exists a perfect maze of cross purposes, a circumstance so far favourable to the continuation of Spanish rule, inasmuch as the malcontents are ill-assorted amongst themselves. Besides, the revolution in the mother country has evidently taken them by surprise. They were certainly not initiated into the secret beforehand, and so they find themselves at present somewhat out of their reckoning.

A few figures, referring to the population of Cuba, and the neighbouring isle of Porto Rico, may here be of use. According to the census of 1861, there were in the former island 793,484 whites (including creoles, *i. e.*, descendants of Spanish or other European immigrants, and real Spaniards), 232,493 mulattoes, or emancipated slaves, and 370,553 negro slaves. There is consequently a coloured population, either freed or still enslaved, which comes close up to the number of whites. In Porto Rico there were counted, in 1861, 300,406 whites, 241,037 free coloured people, and 41,738 slaves. It is doubted, however, by some of the best statisticians, whether the number of slaves is not in this case understated. At any rate,

in Porto Rico also, the coloured and the white population nearly balance each other. From this it is easily seen that, taking matters on an average, a liberal emancipation policy would rather be calculated to strengthen Spanish dominion. The Creoles, it ought to be known, are the very element in which projects of severance have hitherto been rife. In the main, it is therefore only among a small section of liberal-thinking whites, and in the mass of the blacks, that Spain can hope to keep her footing. Hence, emancipation presents itself as a natural issue from unquestionable difficulties.

It is well worth while to dwell, on this occasion, for a moment longer on the difference in the altitude of the Democrats and the Republicans of America, whenever a question of territorial acquisition comes up. The Democrats are for extension everywhere, and in every direction — they are alike anxious for the annexation of Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. It is a part of their

policy to launch the nation into enterprises abroad, so as to distract it from the regular course of improvement at home. It is the Cæsarean policy, under slightly altered circumstances. The Republicans protest against a reckless, inconsiderate extension of the boundaries of the Union. They have no desire to hasten on, by violent or questionable means, that junction of the Canadas to the United States which they believe will, in course of time, be accomplished by the free choice of the people. They have no desire to see Mexico absorbed by the Union, the Mexicans and the mass of the North American people being as unlike as the inhabitants of two conterminous countries well can be.

With regard to Cuba, the Republicans fully acknowledge the advantages that might result from its annexation in a commercial sense; but they earnestly deprecate, notwithstanding, its acquisition under present circumstances.

**LORD BROUGHAM AS A WRITER.**— Brougham was so various and omnific a man, that merely to touch upon the chief characteristics of his eminence is quite impossible. Few men, indeed, who have led so active a life, who have stood so prominently forward at the head of great national affairs, have possessed a reputation so entirely separated and distinct from the more prominent portions of their fame; but through all departments it was the useful which especially claimed and captivated his attention. He was eminently a child of the understanding; his intellect was built up from the things which are seen. His creed upon things of the mind and of human nature would probably be very much such a one as Lord Macaulay would have sketched. Indifferent to the powers and graces of poetry he could not altogether have been; but with the new races and schools of poets and poetry, we suppose, he had no sympathy. We believe he was never reconciled to Byron; if Jeffrey ever needed urging to renewed hostility to the schools of Wordsworth and Coleridge, he no doubt found a hearty backer in Brougham; and when Carlyle began to contribute to the *Edinburgh* those magnificent papers which completely set aside some of its preceding verdicts on Burns, on Richter, and on German Literature, Brougham is reported to have said, "I declare to you, if you allow that man to write another paper, I'll write for you no more." Brougham belonged to an order of men having little sympathy with, and not disposed to place among the subjects of their close acquaintance and intimate knowledge, the transcendentalisms either of metaphysics, poetry, or science. A man's training usually fixes the poles of his mind, even when it is boldly original, and when it is yet unable entirely to dominate his whole character; and the schools of Scotland, St. Andrew and Edinburgh, when Brougham was a youth, would not prepare his intelligence for much appreciation of that large new realm which

seems to have been laid bare to more of the speculative by the teachings of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Cousin; in our own country we may add Coleridge and Carlyle. Following, however, in the discipline to which his mind had been accustomed, and which indeed was in harmony with all the labours of his life, his practical, sagacious, and legal intelligence, he devoted himself to the cultivation of the visible, the tangible, the useful. The same spirit which animated him in his intercourse with such men as Bentham and Romiley influenced his studies when he left the more public walk, or when that public walk became comparatively a secluded one, separated from the noisy highway of politics, and reserved for the feet of those who desired even more to see the human mind informed than the powers of class privilege broken; hence his work in connection with mechanics' institutes, which were to him and to his idea something more resembling what we now know as the people's college, than that great misnomered thing the mechanics' institute has usually become; then his work in connection with the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, which long squibs were wont to satirize as the Society for the Promotion of *Useless Knowledge*. Aided by him, the first cheap periodicals were launched; and multitudes of those delightful volumes were published which first unrolled in a cheap form the ample page of knowledge to the comparatively poor. His delightful essay on the "Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science," written in the pressure and crowd of multitudinous affairs, was one of the first and most earnest words addressed to the people, inviting them to a knowledge of those great subjects, which, while they entertain, instruct, and, while they lift the mind above the merely sensual, admit it into the knowledge of the durable, the knowledge of itself, and of beings like itself—not of clay—the beings of the mind.

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